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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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On Burying Books

"DON'T you know," writes a distinguished expatriate from overseas, "that the curse of the fœtid Anglo-murkn publishing world is that the people who put on a wash of 'modernization' (ten or fifteen years after the men who make it) are the ones who are accepted time and time again? Don't they *ever* bury *anything* in the United States? And why does no one in New York who has a job ever attack any other man similarly placed on a question of intellectual or literary import; is it because they have no divergence of view?"

Our correspondent has evidently not heard of the humanist field day in which Platonists, Aristotelians, and Deweyites tore the hair of scholarship. Those men had jobs, and divergences that fairly ached for the release of anger. His first question, however, is pertinent, if not particularly new. Yes, it is true that the pioneer usually suffers. He clears the land, pulls the stumps, puts on the mortgage, and then is starved out and forgotten while some one else makes the farm. All honor to him, but honor does not always mean achievement, nor is pioneering in esthetics inevitably synonymous with art. It is usually not synonymous. The great books in a new movement do usually come ten or fifteen years after the first break-away from convention. There is too much strain and warp in revolution for art. A good revolutionist should be a little mad, a fanatic, an extremist, a man who will cut off his nose to spite his face. Rarely, very rarely, rebellion and the power to create synchronize—Wagner perhaps, Blake perhaps, Whitman perhaps, for the young Wordsworth, a very doubtful perhaps. But it is the Lylys and the Paynters, the obscure journalists who preceded Defoe, the forgotten forerunners of romanticism in the eighteenth century, the Bowleses, and the French feuilletonists who "poured their hearts out at the bottom of a column" when the short story was being born—these are the typical pioneers, the prototypal modernists. Sometimes, like a prospector now and then in our early West these literary pioneers hold on to the claim they stake out and make a mine of it. But usually they are too restless, or too unbalanced, or too crude to make durable art. Authors build upon their originality and only the scholar remembers their names. Keats put on a "wash of modernization" ten or fifteen years after the rebels had breached the Augustan walls—but Keats is Keats and Bowles is Bowles. Pioneering is not necessarily art.

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As for this question of burying, why all the haste to be off with the old and on with the new? Literature is a growing tissue in which new and creative life is on the forward edge, a coral reef if you please, with life at the top. But this is a writer's simile not a reader's. For a fiery modernist, tradition, particularly recent tradition, is a dead arm about his neck. It is the enemy which must be escaped if he is ever going to break through convention. And he is right, and the duty of criticism is to give him air, and to remind the sluggard reader that an art that stops, dies.

But the reader has his rights. Literature for him exists in time as well as in space. It is his link with humanity, and by no means only with the humanity of the present. Books for him cannot always go pioneering. They are to be judged not only for what is new and true in them, but for what is old and true and excellently said. He was not to be weaned from his Trollope because the young Meredith was breaking new ground. He will (if he is wise) assimilate Joyce and Cummings, O'Neill and Proust without a decline of appetite for Galsworthy and Edwin Arlington Robinson, Willa Cather and Robert Frost.

Nothing, as a matter of fact, is more expeditious than the burying of books—and many skilful books, talked-about books—in New York. The difficulty is to keep them alive long enough to get them reviewed! Where are the best-sellers of yesterday? They must have had something human, something not altogether trivial to make them best-sellers. Was it too much to give them a passing tribute of a word of measured praise? And what a humorless world we readers would live in, if our nourishment were all drawn from experiment, or if Victorian reminiscence were a crime punishable by padlocking a bookshop, or books that were merely good, not novel, were to be scorned by a critical review! How the Frenchified intellectual of the early eighteen hundreds must have turned up his nose at "Pride and Prejudice" and "Evelina"! What acute pains (to come to modern and presumably minor matters) have been given to socialist reviewers by the graceful antiquarianism of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"!

It is even a question whether we Americans, upon whom the books of all the world in excerpt, translation, and imitation have been dumped in the past two decades have not been pushed and stimulated by novelty beyond our own native sense and powers of

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The Need of Winter

By MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THIS is a climate that I can not stand
Without such intervals as winters bring
To what needs sleep. Far better a late spring
Than a perpetual summer in a land
Where growth continues from the very bark
Unsealed by any solstice of that sun
That set its tips to budding. I am one
Of a hard race who liked their orchards stark
In season, and who trusted to the cold
For keeping safe what, if it should survive,
Must hold no more than roots and heart alive,
Before it ventured to yield new from old.
Thus if love bloom again, I only know
It must have respite with long months of snow.

This Week

"Coronado's Children."
Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

"Under Three Tsars."
Reviewed by the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

"The Letters of Queen Victoria."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"Africa View."
Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON.

"The Water Gypsies."
Reviewed by STANLEY WENT.

John Mistletoe, XXVI.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

Our Comic Heritage.
By CONSTANCE ROURKE.

Thoughts on a Notebook

By H. A. L. FISHER

AMONG the recent treasures of the British Museum is a drab little notebook about five inches in length such as a butcher may employ for his account with the cook. Everything relating to the material appearance of this volume is ignoble. The binding is a thing of nought, the ruled paper is coarse and flimsy, and the size of the pages is so exiguous as to offer to the pen of an author the minimum of allurement. Why then did the British Museum go out of its way to acquire this mean and unsightly object? The answer is, that within these shabby covers and inscribed on this repulsive paper are the last three chapters of Jane Austen's "Persuasion" in Jane's clear, delicate, ladylike handwriting and with Jane's own erasures and corrections. Into this ignoble receptacle Jane had confided the concluding passages of her last, and as some good judges would have us believe, her most perfect masterpiece. And as no one of Jane's larger novels is extant in manuscript form (so little was her future reputation apprehended at the time) this cheap little butcher's book was rightly regarded by the Trustees of the Museum as a trophy which should be acquired for the British nation.

Our numerous professors of literature might do worse than direct the attention of their students to the erasures and corrections in the manuscripts of literary masterpieces. A whole lesson in artistic composition may be contained in a scratch. Some erasures are made to save the grammar, others to amend the substance, others to improve the transitions, more particularly at the opening of a new paragraph. But the most instructive erasures belong to no one of these types, but proceed from the view that writing should be addressed to the ear as well as to the eye, and that it is part of the business of an author to mind his melodies. It is to this musical category that most of the erasures to be found in the manuscript of Jane Austen, as in those of Thackeray, belong. It is clear that Jane wrote with great zest and rapidity. Sound grammatical English prose flowed from her pen as naturally as the river descends to the sea. She seems to have had no hesitation over syntax and no paralyzing dubieties as to the thoughts which she wished to express; but her ear was fastidious and she would pause to reread her paragraph and by little deft touches here and there to improve its melody.

It must not, however, be imagined that Jane's erasures are numerous. In those days when novel writing was regarded as an unbecoming occupation for a decent female, and manuscripts had to be hastily concealed under needlework at the approach of a stranger, a lady writer had to make the best of the scanty supply of stationery at her command. To write into a little book was a counsel of prudence, for little books could be more easily concealed than big ones; but little books must not be unnecessarily multiplied. A big heap of little books half filled with erased paragraphs would invite exposure. Jane was too prudent, too economical, and too much mistress of herself and of her art to indulge in any such laxity. She would put as many words upon her page as the page would stand and that with a touch so certain and a mind so clear, that once written down a sentence would seldom call for amendment.

We have moved very far from the days when authorship was regarded as a craft or mystery confined to a limited class of highly educated males, and an occasional and most exceptional female. Everybody reads. Nearly everybody writes. Books are produced in profusion not only by women a good deal less gifted than Sappho, but by persons wholly devoid of literary accomplishment who are en-

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couraged into the paths of authorship by the possession of some form of notoriety as a film star, or an athlete or a flying girl or a pugilist. The children have even descended into the arena and since the success of "The Young Visiters," which was written by a child of eight, our publishers are besieged by the nurseries. Only this summer the head of a famous London firm told me that he had received a manuscript from a child of four.

As the spread of primary education through the world has greatly increased the number of readers, supply has been organized to meet the demand. The business of the publisher is no longer chiefly confined to detecting the writer of genius and introducing him to cultivated society. If a publisher is to make a living in a world where competition is sharp he must know the taste of ordinary half-educated people and go out to satisfy it. If he finds that a large number of people like to read about crime or divorce then he must look about for authors who can produce or handle these popular themes with acceptance. There are some readers who take novels as they consume soap. They require the same kind of brand with the same flavoring at regular intervals and are much put out if when the time comes for the consumption of a new novel, the familiar author is not ready with a book sufficiently reminiscent of the old favorites and yet with just so much of the spice of novelty in it as to stimulate the process of deglutition. So we have mass production in literature as there is mass production in industry.

There are in every country authors who produce two, or even three, volumes a year with the regularity of the seasons. New mechanical appliances help to remove the physical limitations which tended in earlier times to restrict the output of ordinary mortals. Victor Hugo, indeed, could discharge twelve thousand words a day on to paper and we know the marvelous velocity and sustained vehemence with which Walter Scott's indefatigable pen travelled over the page. But these men were prodigies. Nature coming to the rescue of the reading world with the kindly inhibition of "writers' cramp" kept ordinary mortals within reasonable bounds.

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Other inhibitions have vanished besides "writer's cramp." In the age when reading was confined to a small class of cultivated and leisured persons a censorship, strict though informed, was exercised over the vocabulary and topics regarded as suitable for polite literature. That censorship has now vanished. But formerly it was severe, more severe in some countries like France where there was an Academy to keep an eye upon the authors, than in others, but everywhere to some extent or other prevailing. The literary vocabulary of France in the eighteenth century has been calculated at the low figure of two thousand words. With two thousand words one can do much. On such a diet one can write a book like Voltaire's "Siècle de Louis Quatorze," a limpid, graceful narrative devoid of technical jargon and exotic phrases; but one cannot do everything. Mr. Sinclair Lewis, for instance, could not work on so meagre an allowance, nor Mr. Benét, nor Dr. Robert Bridges, nor, if we may go back to the past, William Shakespeare. Even in the eighteenth century the English language, as practised by polite writers, was sensible of the word-creating genius of those earlier masters like Sir Thomas Browne who owed no allegiance to the pedants. But there were limits. Even the Victorians, even Dickens and Swinburne, observed limits, and certain phrases and subjects now apparently regarded as fit for literary treatment were regarded as being quite outside the pale.

I am inclined to think that Walt Whitman had something to answer for in this process of making literature "safe for democracy." Spinoza, it will be remembered, saw perfection everywhere—*Omnis existentia est perfectio*, but the poets had not taken the hint from the Hebrew metaphysician and continued for a century and a half to find their themes with Homer and Virgil, with Euripides and Tasso and Milton, mainly among the beauties of nature and the finer passions of the human soul; but in Walt Whitman there was a rough and buoyant catholicity which defied all traditional artistic restraints. It is said that a literary critic should have preferences but no exclusions. Walt Whitman in his catholic passion for idealizing all the things of life practised no exclusions and hardly indicated any preferences. Everything is grist to his hospitable and vigorous mill. He took into poetry whatever lay nearest to his hand, and the critics ever since have been asking themselves the question whether poetry can bear the burden.

Whether the license which now prevails both as to the vocabulary and the subjects regarded as suitable for artistic treatment in literature will continue without a check, is a matter upon which it is idle to speculate. The educational engines of the world may work in either direction. Now we may be urged to be selective, now to be catholic—but whatever the critics may enjoin there is one thing we cannot escape. We live amid a plethora of printed words, good words, bad words, indifferent words, words in the right order and words in the wrong order. Is it not a grim thought that the British Museum erects a mile and a quarter of new shelves annually to provide for fresh accessions of books, newspapers, and pamphlets? The intake of the Congressional Library at Washington is probably a good deal larger.

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With such random thoughts coursing through my head I happened the other day to drop into my London Club for luncheon and there found myself seated opposite a retired judge of great eminence. It is the pleasant habit of retired judges in Britain to pay court to the Muses. I have known one to write on Dante, another to translate the Georgics, a third to contribute topical lyrics to the London *Times*. It occurred to me, therefore, as not improbable that my learned friend, whose judicial pronouncements are famous for their elegance of form, might be harboring in his capacious mind some vast literary project. "Now that you are a man of leisure," I observed, after a few idle exchanges, "do you propose to write anything?" To this leading question the eminent jurist replied in terms of judicial, but not unmerited severity, "I propose to contribute to literature by *not* writing."

The more I reflected upon this saying the more admirable and profound did it appear to me to be. The more a man writes, the less he has time to read, and the less he reads the fewer authors does he encourage. The great supporters of literature are not the people who write indifferent books but those who read good books. If everybody was straining his wits to provide copy for the printer all the time, nobody would have the leisure to read what was printed. There is a point beyond which the activity of authorship becomes suicidal. My eminent friend was therefore well justified in saying that he could contribute to literature by not writing. How refreshing to the thirsty soul of an author is the face of one who has read his book, how trebly welcome the assistance of one who has bought it!

Besides is there not something in the law so familiar to the economists that bad money drives out good? If public opinion compels us to read the book of the moment, the masterpiece of which everyone is talking, the morsel, so appetizing to every taste which the concerted energies of a vigilant Press are employed in thrusting upon our notice, is there not at least a chance that the authentic oracles of truth and beauty may be offered to deaf ears and preoccupied minds? When Dr. Johnson was asked what he thought of Thrale, he replied that Thrale might not mark the minutes but that he struck the hours. May not the converse be said of much of the literature which is now put upon the market, that while it may record the minutes, it does not strike the hours? Good enough as a sedative in an idle moment, it is useless as a force to kindle light or heat in the generous soul.

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It will be said that we have our critics, our trained battalions of highly finished experts ready and willing to guide the doubtful reader along the paths of sobriety and wisdom. Far be it from me to disparage the function, valuable even in the days of Horace and Quintilian, infinitely more valuable in the days of the Hearst press, of our arbiters of literary elegance. If they err on the side of kindness they are seldom wholly deceived in the quality of a book. The works which they single out for praise are generally worthy of some commendation though perhaps if the eulogy were less lavish, it would be better adjusted to the art values of the everlasting judge. Moreover, I believe it be true to say that it is the rarest thing in the world for a book with any real literary or artistic size about it, to escape notice. There have been famous exceptions—but in the main the giants do not pass unperceived.

The danger then to be apprehended is not so much that good work will go unpraised. The critics will see to that. The danger is that so much indifferent work will be praised also, that so many pressing calls will be made from one quarter or another upon our limited stock of leisure and not inexhaustible powers of attention, that the really good work, even if read, will not be given time to sink in, and to produce its due effect on mind and character. How many of us read a book twice? How many read it three times? To how many does a new book become a constant companion?

Let us then suppose that by some unimaginable grace of human fortune the nations of the world agreed to set up an Areopagus of taste and to abide by its decision, and let us further suppose that an Areopagus was established during one of these tidal waves of literary fashion which make short work of our copious and florid writers and will have everything neat, terse, and laconic. The first resolution at which our Areopagus will arrive is that there are too many printed works in the world, too many books, too many newspapers, too many pamphlets.

We imagine that such a resolution would be carried with acclamation, perhaps with a dissenting voice from Greenland or the Falkland Islands. But when the question arose as to the best and most effectual means of ridding the world of its literary redundancy, we can imagine that difficulties would arise and that there would be an infinite variety of counsel. The moderates would content themselves with the suggestion that crowns of laurel or even of gold leaf should be awarded to the compilers of anthologies. A severer school would recommend a system of fines for flatulent diction, split infinitives, and redundancy of style. One Areopagite would rise to propose that authors should be given an annual allowance of words, the allowance to be dependent on good literary behavior, another would prohibit authorship to young people under eighteen, a third would suggest that a large proportion, perhaps three-fourths, of the annual output of literature should be committed to the flames. The Oriental members of the Areopagus would gently submit that verbosity, like all other human evils, could most simply be cured by abstinence, for if the human race would but abstain from literature, then literature would cease to work it harm.

My impression is that the oriental argument despite its manifest logical strength would have little weight with the Western members of the tribunal. Some hard-headed realist would certainly point out the material factor in the problem. "What," he would ask, "are books written on?" And he would proceed that the inference from the answer to his question was as obvious as the question itself. If you desire to place a limit to the output of literature, curb the production of paper, establish a censorship of pulp. An artificial scarcity of paper would inspire in the tribe of authors a wholesome economy of phrase, such as we may admire in the giants of classical prose and verse, and such as no method less drastic can now recall.

I can imagine that such a statement, especially if elaborated by a Scandinavian business man with facts and figures at his command, might make a great impression on a tribunal already predisposed to believe that the real enemy of the Muses was not to be found among the authors and their publishers, but in the state of the paper trade. Who knows if the immortal velocity of Sallust, and the even more imperishable pungency of Tacitus, were not directly related to the supply of writing material in ancient Rome? Who can say that Jane Austen's little butcher's book did not, insensibly no doubt, but none the less truly, prune the gay extravagance of her lively mind and clean it of all temptation to strut, swagger, or straggle over the page? It may be that we are assigning an undue importance to the material accidents of the writer's craft; but perhaps we should be unwise altogether to neglect them. "*On ne gouverne pas sans laconisme*," said St. Just in a moment of revulsion against the verbosity of his revolutionary officials—but to what type of civilization does the gift of laconic statement most naturally belong? Not certainly to a democracy which is prepared to strip a continent of its forests lest the newspaper magnates go short of pulp.

"A pleasant form of the confidence trick," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "is reported from Budapest, where an enterprising publisher advertised a volume entitled 'What Every Young Girl Should Know Before Marriage'—and thereby succeeded in selling many thousand copies of a cookery book that had been in his hands for years and years. Some of its annoyed recipients—many of whom are men—took the bookseller to court, where the judge very properly observed that to his mind 'cooking is precisely what the young girl should know before marriage.'"

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A Dream That Never Dies

CORONADO'S CHILDREN: Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest. By J. Frank Dobie. Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead. Dallas, Texas: The Southwest Press. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Edwin L. Sabin

THE title of Mr. Dobie's gorgeous book was suggested to him, as he implies in his preface, by the sapient comment of the old historian Casteñada in chronicling the Captain Coronado expedition upon quest for the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola in northern New Mexico: "Granted that they [Coronado and his followers] did not find the riches of which they had been told, they found a place in which to search for them." Consequently, in the words of Mr. Dobie, "the opportunity that Coronado thus opened has never since his time been neglected; the dream he dreamed has never died." Through almost four hundred years, therefore, men of all professions and various nationalities have dreamed of and hunted for hidden treasure in that fabulous Southwest which dashed the greedy hopes of the early conquistadors.

These people, no matter what language they speak, are truly Coronado's inheritors, I have called them Coronado's children. They follow Spanish trails, buffalo trails, cow trails; they dig where there are no trails; but oftener than they dig or prospect they just sit and tell stories of lost mines, of buried bullion by the jack load, of ghostly *patrones* that guard treasure, and of a thousand other impediments, generally not ghostly at all, that have kept them away from the wealth they are so sure of.

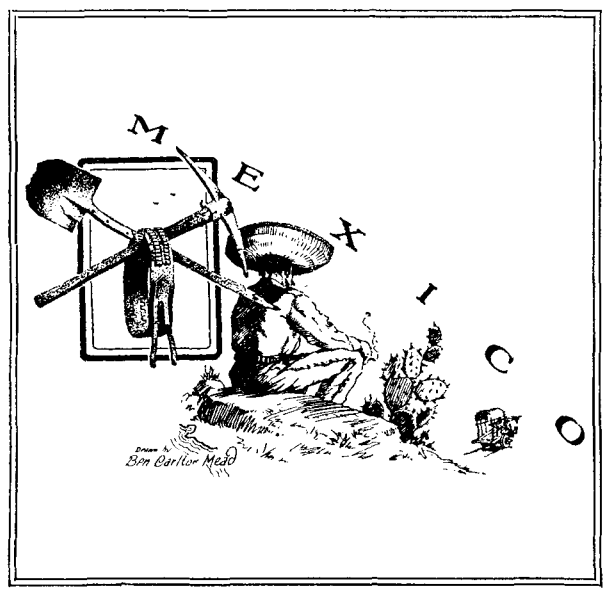
And these are the people, Spaniards, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Germans, Africans, Indians, Americans, who spin engaging yarns of toil and tribulations, portents and legends, immense stores of gold, silver, copper, lead, and mica waiting only to be found again—and all for the high regalement of anyone who has the least spark of romance in his system.

The secrets of the Spanish Main and the pirates' hoards of jewels, doubloons, pieces of eight, and golden candlesticks a fathom long buried upon tropic cays are not to be mentioned in the same breath with this treasure-haunted Southwest. The map alone, with which the Dobie compendium is equipped, and which covers from the Mississippi River to the Colorado, and from the Kansas border to northern Mexico, warrants this statement, and pales the glamor of those Marco Polo maps of the Golden Indies whose Nutmeg Forests and Spice Isles and City of the Great Khan set an Old World wild for the spoils of a New.

It is a dazzling and disquieting map, thickly studded with the most attractive propositions for the employed as well as the unemployed. Here, "3 burro loads Spanish gold buried West side of Twin Mts.," and apparently only a long whoop away from "9 carloads of gold and silver buried near 7 Springs!" Or one may prefer to take a chance on "300 jack-loads of silver bullion buried here 1780," or the "$2,000,000 James loot," or "Steinheimer's Millions," or "7 cartloads Army money" buried by the Mexicans "at Palo Alto Battlefield," or certain "13 mule-skins of gold" off there not far from the "Monterey loot of Red Curley's Gang," or "Lafitte's chest, where Clawson, the last discoverer, saw 'the horrors of hell,'" or the "richest lead vein in America (lost 1888)," or those "75 jack-loads" of bullion cached just outside of Austin, or the long-lost "San Saba Mine" of Jim Bowie who, it is asserted, really never found the mine itself but "merely five hundred jack loads of pure silver stored in a cave" and left behind by the Spanish operators.

The map should satisfy anybody. To be sure it only indicates, by an arrow, the location (which I will whisper is southwest of the Salton Sea) of the truly prodigious Pegleg Mine, whose three black hills, "80% virgin gold" or around $19,000 to the ton, have for eighty years been tolling men to insanity and death in the Colorado Desert; and I fail to come upon detailed directions which might lead to the Spanish workings of "La Plancha," which significantly is Plate, or the "Vulture" (which some say has been opened and worked again, now that the Apaches are quieted); or the marvelous "Belle McKeever" (which may be the same as the "Gold Tank") in Arizona north of the Gila, into whose wash of golden nuggets as large as blackberries that cavalry squad wildly clawed, in 1869, when upon the scout to rescue Miss McKeever from the Apaches; or that other "Lost Nigger Mine" or "Diggings"—a hill of solid copper running $500 in gold to the ton, found high amid the aspens of the Black Mountains of Arizona, by colored troopers upon the Apache trail; or the "Mine of the Little Door," within rampart cliffs that are to be entered by a narrow passage; or the "Gold Bullet" lode which supplied the Apaches of the region with slugs for their guns, to reward the lust of the American trespassers—one of the bullets being still carried, as a stake, in the anatomy of a man whom I knew in Denver; or the buried golden service of San Fernando Mission out of Los Angeles, in value $1,000,000, a chart of whose hiding place, as drawn upon sheepskin by the padres, was long a jealous possession of the Indian, Rojerio Rocha, the mission choir leader and silversmith, and the reputed Alessandro of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona"; or that wagon-train of returning Argonauts who had packed the axles with gold-dust, for safe keeping, only to be whelmed by a desert sand storm—but the tops of the high wheels have occasionally been glimpsed by wayfarers who dared not tarry. And so forth. As for the lost "Breyfogle" of Death Valley, with its peculiar, rosy ore rotten with free gold, I may say that it has been located and has proved to be only a pocket and a disappointment. That, however, is the habit of these alluring treasure-troves: they are enchanted, there is always something more required by them before they will deliver.

Mr. Dobie's extraordinary volume of legends and narratives ancient and modern establishes this point. Starting with the historic "Lost San Saba Mine" of West Texas—a most romantic treasure, indeed, with



Vignette from map of Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Southwest.

an authentic *derrotero*, or Spanish chart, as guide to the shaft where "reposed two thousand bars of silver weighing fifty pounds to the bar" but which (the shaft as opened) developed mainly a vein of uncontrollable water—he ranges throughout the gamut of treasure seekers' lore in old New Spain. He gets this stuff from which dreams are made and upon which hearts feed not only from dead pages but from living lips, and he gathers from the days of the conquistadors and of De Soto up into practically the present time. Witch fires, stinking gas, spirits, devils, rumbles, and quakes, phenomena natural and unnatural, plague the efforts of the treasure seeker; so that, what with its first person recitals of weird experiences and honest superstitions, "Coronado's Children" is folk lore as well as treasure lore.

The prospective reader should understand that the bulk of this Southwest treasure, to the amount of a few assorted billions, has not yet been claimed. The field, as shown upon the map, is unstaked. Furthermore, Mr. Dobie supplies a glossary of native terms that might be encountered in documents and in social converse, by the searcher; and a table of signs which, written into charts or graven upon rocks, tell just where the treasure will, might, or should be.

Mountains of treasure, caves of treasure, shafts of treasure, bars of treasure, sacks of treasure, chests of treasure, mule loads and wagon loads and cannon loads of treasure, church money, war money, blood money! Heigh-ho! A rich and fascinating volume, compiled with gusto. In selecting it as its offering for February the Literary Guild distinguishes not only Mr. Dobie and his Texas publishers but also itself.

Memoirs of a Court

UNDER THREE TSARS. By Elizabeth Narishkin Kurakin. Edited by René Fulop-Miller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1931. $3.50.

Reviewed by the Grand Duchess Marie

MADAME NARISHKIN, or Madame Zizi as she was familiarly called, was to the Russian Court circles what the Vendôme column is to the Parisians—something in the nature of a landmark around which the lives of Emperors, Grand Dukes, Princes, statesmen, and court officials had evolved for generations. One Czar succeeded the other, reforms were conceived and carried out, periods of reaction were followed by liberal movements to swing back again to reaction, and still she was there to witness at the closest quarters both the preparations and the results, to watch the minds in which the ideas were born and the reaction they called forth. The companion of those who dealt with history she was also there to see them at their intimate moments, at the moments when they were only human beings. She possessed no political influence but her sincere devotion to the members of the dynasty she served had never been questioned and her discretion had never failed her in all the long years she had been at court. When, ill and exhausted, she was compelled to leave the last Russian sovereigns in their almost deserted palace surrounded by a revolutionary guard, we felt that indeed the end had come and that the one time so splendid court had dissolved into nothing.

Madame Narishkin was around ninety when she died about two years ago. She escaped from Russia long after the Soviet rule had been established but owing to her popularity amongst the peasants of her estate her life had been spared. The peasants were helpful to her and contributed to her upkeep at a moment when she, as everybody else of her class, had been deprived of everything, and was considered an enemy of the people. After her house in the country had been confiscated she spent several years in the village, sharing a peasant's hut with the family of a faithful retainer. She ended her days in Paris at a home for the aged, supported by the grandchildren of her friends.

Few have been in possession of wealthier material. Born before 1840, Madame Narishkin can remember being taken by her parents to a children's party given by Madame Récamier and traveling to Russia when the railroad from Paris reached only as far as Rouen. The daughter of a diplomat, her early life was spent abroad in the different capitals of Europe; she had received a liberal and cosmopolitan education and was known as a woman of refinement and culture. She became the friend of Tourgeniev and Dostoievsky at a time when their alleged advanced ideas might have created difficulties for her in the high circles she belonged to, and her interest in modern ideas was by no means superficial.

Her tact and knowledge of life, however, were sufficiently developed to enable her to steer a clear course. She rose in honors, was a welcome guest wherever she chose to go, and was surrounded by a circle of devoted friends.

Unfortunately in Madame Narishkin's memoirs we see a very feeble reflection of the rich pageant of events in which she was privileged to take a personal and active part. Old age may have dimmed her memory, or the medium by which her thoughts were conveyed to paper might have been unsatisfactory, as it is clear that the book is lacking in personality and distressingly superficial. So much so, that with the exception of the first two chapters, which are attractive chiefly on account of their remoteness to our times, these reminiscences have neither documentary nor historical value. The book, moreover, might appear in parts and especially, towards the end, as a compilation of similar works by Russian authors in the last few years. The narrative is hopelessly jumbled and so clogged by countless names, facts of no importance, and petty gossip that the few ideas and opinions characteristic of the author are altogether lost.

Many errors have found their way into the text and a more careful revision of the English edition would have been desirable before publication. In spite of the note in which the translator tells us that she has followed as closely as possible the Russian spelling, a greater massacre of names and court titles has not taken place since the time of Alexander Dumas.

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Queen Victoria

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA, Third Series. Edited by GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE. Vol. I. 1886-1890. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1930.

SIDE LIGHTS ON QUEEN VICTORIA. By SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY. New York: Sears Publishing Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THESE letters will be interesting to those Americans who wish to follow closely the details of British foreign policy and the course of parliamentary politics, to that lessening group who are fascinated by the British nobility, and to that still smaller group who are curious about the appointment of bishops. No doubt Queen Victoria herself is still a matter of interest to those brought up in the tradition of the good Queen and to a wider circle who have easily read between the lines of Strachey. This volume, as the earlier ones, throws light upon her personality. To those naturally inclined, like the reviewer, to be prejudiced in favor of the Crown as a balance in English politics, this book is not encouraging. The letters are evidence that the Crown can be less a balance than an interference. To see how the Queen put difficulties in the way of Gladstone and the Liberal Party, to learn from her letters how she consulted with his political opponents as to her dealings with him, to see how she wrote to ladies of rank urging them to refuse to act as her ladies-in-waiting in order to embarrass her Prime Minister, all this is enlightening. There was no trace of the largeness of mind, wide sympathies, and imagination that distinguished the sometimes petty Elizabeth. A riot in London was intolerable, among other reasons, because it affected her health. The lower orders, whom she deeply despised, were always making trouble. So were foreign powers who seemed unaware that it was for Britain to dominate and that the interests of her children and grandchildren on the continent must never be forgotten. She pressed always for the strong policy without regard to possible consequences. Of war she had no dread. The truth is that she did not belong in Victorian England but in some small German court of the eighteenth century.

The old comment that a ruling class is not such a bad thing save for the ruling class has relevance to the Queen. Her life could hardly have made Victoria other than she was, a woman who expected infinite deference and compliance. Disraeli had spoiled her, had beguiled her into the belief that she was really ruling. When Lord Rosebery became her foreign minister, she urged him not to consult the Cabinet about policy but to deal only with herself; she had forty years experience.

* * *

There is a good deal to be learned about Rosebery, Hartington, Salisbury, and Gladstone. Lord Rosebery does not come out too well. His letters to her have an air of sycophancy. Hartington is the same honest Cavendish as always, slow-minded and almost dull, groping his way towards the Conservatives, neither fearing nor striving to please man or the Queen. We shall not see his like again. Lord Salisbury fares well. He could be firm with the Queen and yet yield on minor matters such as the appointment of a bishop. A conservative, of the old nobility, he was in a strong position to deal with her. He was master in foreign affairs and he looked three jumps ahead both as to foreign and domestic policy. He liked to move the European pawns in the grand old manner and divide Africa in the grand new manner, but he lived in modern England and, being a Cecil, gauged the forces with which he had to reckon. Gladstone, to my mind, comes out of these letters rather well. He had to put up with much: he had to be lectured to in letter after letter, for in spite of the old story, it was really the Queen that did most of the lecturing; he had to ignore all the miserable little intrigues of the Queen against him; he had to play with the dice loaded in favor of his opponents; and he remained tactful and agreeable. Such patience is rare. It is not the fashion nowadays to say good words for Gladstone or even to give him his due. His kind of idealism has become a matter for mockery. He was almost the embodiment of nineteenth century idealism, of that Puritan elevation of purpose that ran side by side with the main chance. It is a partnership not unknown in Yorkshire and Lancashire, nor in New England and Kansas. By and by it will be discovered that the idealism was genuine and the aspiration for the higher things in this world merely human.

Sir Frederick Ponsonby's book is put together from letters belonging to his father, Sir Henry. The elder Ponsonby was the intermediary between royalty and statesmen and played his difficult role with tact and skill. He must have been amused many times, and his son has in three of eight episodes managed to get all of the fun out of storms in royal teacups. The Fatal Gun, the Pony Row Balmoral, and the Visit of the Grand Duke Vladimir are worth reading aloud. The stories of the Irish University Bill and of the Franchise Bill of 1884 illustrate further the difficulties of the Queen with Gladstone. "Queen Victoria was under the impression," says Ponsonby, "that she was holding the scales evenly between the two parties, but it is evident from this letter that she thought all the concessions should come from Mr. Gladstone." The dominant note of her character, says Ponsonby, whose discretion is usually as perfect as that of his father, was the "tenacity with which she pursued any line of policy once she had arrived at a decision. The means were immaterial; it was the end that mattered."

A Cyclopedia of Problems

AFRICA VIEW. By JULIAN HUXLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by C. BEVERLEY BENSON

I ONCE visited an agricultural school in the Sudan. The morning's work began with an abominable reading of one of the "simpler" miracles—changing water into wine—to a class of children just learning English. I doubt whether an accomplished reader could have given such a selection meaning to that group. But if their souls are advanced, why worry over their minds!

Is the white man really bringing light to that continent so dark in color and culture? Can he guide uncivilized Africa on its way to modern life through the maze of pitfalls and uncertainties that beset our path? Is there any soundness in teaching literature to people who have no literature of their own? Or in teaching children to change 5,555,555 farthings into pence, shillings, and pounds amongst a people who use cattle for currency and who cannot understand why the white man does not consider an old, scraggly ox worth as much in a trade as a young, robust ox? Surely an old five-pound note is worth as much as a new one!

The problem of education in Africa is very difficult. Should we teach the natives mathematics, geography, theology, and the better life and make them unhappy and dissatisfied with the life they must return to in the bush? Should we teach them only better methods of animal husbandry and agriculture and leave to later generations the acquisition of literature, philosophy, and higher thought? The latter is just the kind of public education we used a hundred years ago—in an effort to keep the "working people" satisfied with their lot in life.

Perhaps we shall be better able to answer these questions when we no longer turn promising draftsmen into incompetent civil engineers, good garage repairmen into indifferent automotive engineers, excellent housewives into half-baked domestic science experts, or tolerable bookkeepers into pettifogging lawyers.

Mr. Huxley was sent to Africa by the Colonial Office Advisory Committee on Native Education to study the educational methods in British East Africa. The present book contains only one chapter dealing with his conclusions on the "Education of the African." One cannot but agree with the principles suggested as a guide for administrators. But persons interested in education will regret keenly that Mr. Huxley has not given us a more scientific discussion of the evidence and a more detailed proposal for the future. The problem is important enough to fill a whole book—or a library.

The more casual reader, however, will revel in the best book on Africa in some years. It leaps nimbly from fiddler crabs to rift valleys (all the theories); from volcanoes to flamingoes; from weaver birds to land tenure; from schools to pigmies; from initiations into puberty to native markets; and from missionary intolerance to taxes!

The descriptions and comments on these and many other subjects are interesting, entertaining, and thoughtful. In fact, the descriptions are far more vivid and the discussions far more penetrating than those of most other recent authors who have devoted whole books to only a few subjects. A friend of mine said, "It gives me just the feeling I had in Africa—all sort of jumbled up. There are so many things to think about."

A Realistic-Romantic Novel

THE WATER GIPSIES. By A. P. HERBERT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930, $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THIS is the sort of thing that Englishmen often do very well and Americans hardly even attempt. It needs, in addition to a light touch, an attractive blending of sophistication, sentiment, and a certain gay insouciance, which last the English have, despite their alleged phlegm, and Americans, a more serious-minded people, have not. The method is simple: you take real scenes and real people, just as if you were a Nobel prize winner, but instead of letting the people behave as their presumptively unfortunate instincts would dictate, you play a game of make-believe with them, impishly devising situations that would be rather jolly if only that sort of people would get into them. Hence it is possible to make the best of both worlds, which is what Mr. Arnold Bennett means when, in praising that book, he says, "like all very good novels, it is both realistic and romantic"—he might have added "like some of my own," but no doubt he thought it.

Mr. Herbert has the eye that sees the magic of the commonplace. Like Chesterton, he would spring to the defence of Main Street as an enchanting thoroughfare, and Middletown's *lacrimæ rerum* would be relieved, at least, by beer and skittles—which of course is an unfair advantage that the English have.

There is, as a matter of fact, a good deal of beer and skittles in this story—homeric combats at the Black Swan, breathlessly followed by beer-swigging enthusiasts; and there is one big, dramatic moment when the championship hangs in the balance between Mr. Bryan, the gentlemanly artist, and Ernest, who besides being a socialist is the husband of Jane. Jane is the heroine, brought up by an incompetent male parent on a barge moored to Valentine's Wharf on London's river, and successively a housemaid, an artist's model, and Ernest's wife and widow, but all the time a seeker after romance and finding it in a blind and unrequited adoration for the gentlemanly Mr. Bryan.

Jane is a "good" girl, with a sense of responsibility and a proper fear of that which she learns, with only half conviction, from the movies is "worse than death," and quite unlike her younger sister, the light-loving, languorous Lily. Nevertheless, there comes the hour when Ernest, theoretic socialist but most possessive of males, has his wicked way, and Jane marries him, despite her romantic worship of Mr. Bryan and a sincere attachment for Fred, the solid and inarticulate bargeman.

One can only hint thus at the quality of this pleasing tale. It is full of humor and gentle social satire; the large cast of characters, each an individual being, is handled by the author with practiced ease, and the life of the river folk, a small and little known class whose lives are spent on the inland waters of England, is delightfully described. If Americans, as has been said, do not often write this sort of thing, they nevertheless enjoy reading it, for Mr. Herbert's story was listed among the best-sellers for some weeks after its publication, achieving that position, alas! without the aid of this review, for the belated appearance of which this contrite reviewer must take sole responsibility.

On Buying Books

(*Continued from page* 593)

assimilation. "Huckleberry Finn" was a children's book, a provincial book, quite unaware of experiment, buried for a while by its author because he thought it too crude, and perhaps too old-fashioned. But who has written a book so absolutely good in America today?

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The BOWLING GREEN

John Mistletoe, XXVI

THERE is an embarrassing dream that many people are said to have had: that of finding themselves suddenly exposed naked in a dignified social gathering. Mistletoe never had that dream; he didn't need to, for intellectually he had known the actual experience. To find himself conducting a signed column on the editorial page of the old New York *Evening Post* was an exposure to abash the most hardy. It had its terrifying moments.

Yet he thinks with strong secret pride of his connection with that historic paper. It was an organ of truly civilized and liberal tone. There was pride in coming to it; there was pride in attempting for it, however faultily, what would not have been tolerated in any other newspaper; there was pride in being fired from it when its quality changed. He perpetrated gruesome errors and fatuities. To older people with their enchanted sadness there must have been much comedy in seeing a young energumen blundering onto sharp corners, barking apparently at random like a puppy, rediscovering with loud halloo so much that his betters had known long before. He had little discretion. His naïve speculations on religion often got him into hot water with subscribers. With excess of zeal, when the episcopate of New York was shent by one of its recurring hullabaloos of doctrine, he compiled a creed of his own. It was devoutly sincere and began something like this: "I believe in the Woolworth Building and the flukes of Moby Dick." Taken with a pinch of understanding mysticism it was really rather appealing; published as a free-verse canticle in a magazine it wouldn't have caused a ripple—but appearing in a daily newspaper it burst the blood vessels of several hundred patrons.

His employers granted him surprising latitude. His occasional musings on theophany must have caused twinges, but they were never censored. The only time he was seriously reproached was not for questioning the divinity of God, but that of Lord Northcliffe. Sometimes his superior officers moaned a little, but generally they encouraged him to discuss—even at wearisome length—topics from which profitable newspapers cannily avert themselves. As for his other crotchets, it is really laughable to consider how bored many readers must have been with his palaver about food and drink, or steamships, or the glamor of Downtown, or the crowded state of his old desk. I sympathize with the irritated subscriber who finally wrote:

> When the Great Judge cleans out his desk,
> In some dark pigeon-hole
> Cobwebbed and grimy may he find
> Your negligible soul!

Or his buzz about Hobbes, Thomas Fuller, Sir Kenelm Digby, Thoreau, Melville, Emily Dickinson, Conrad, Santayana, Montague. . . . and I mustn't forget De Quincey. It would have been hard to tell from his outgivings which was more important —De Quincey or the Woolworth Building. In fact he did not know; nor does he now. Once he said to me solemnly: "You know it's quite startling, the things you've always been told were good, really *are* good." When he discovered that perhaps he came somewhere near the beginning of criticism.

* * *

The problem of what may or may not be printed in a newspaper, or how far a personal commentator may depart from official policy, is always ticklish. The traditional clientèle of the *Post*, though liberal in politics, was supposed to be Tory in matters of taste. One highly sensitive associate of the business staff was so upset by a little verse Mistletoe had heard from that puckish oldtimer Charles Pike Sawyer that he implored J. M. to take it out after the first press-run. Mistletoe was obstinate enough to insist that no one, not even at the Harvard Club, could be seriously offended by it. It ran thus:

> I used to love my garden
> But now my love is dead
> For I found a bachelor's button
> In black-eyed Susan's bed.

Among the pleasant humors of the time was the naïve credo of the same assistant executive that a newspaper must if possible be conducted by alumni of the correcter colleges. When he inquired of a certain hardboiled and long experienced Real Estate reporter, "and what was your university?" the indignant reply was "The University of Park Row."

I wonder who now occupy that 10th floor of the former *Post* building on Vesey Street, where we were so happy? And the little coop of a room with a window opening on the balcony over St. Paul's churchyard. On that balcony was the flagstaff from which the great red and blue and yellow bunting of the Three Hours for Lunch Club was first given to the breeze; and neighboring firms began calling up to ask if it was the flag of the newly established Irish Free State (the *Post's* sympathy with oppressed nationalities was always notorious.) Looking upward from the typewriter he saw the golden winged statue on the Telephone and Telegraph building, leaning against sunlight. Oh if I knew how to make it so, Vesey Street would be legendary: there must be something a little sacred about it, it has been so greatly loved. It has changed much even in the few years since it was Mistletoe's byway of surprise. When he went to work there one still looked out on the remaining half of the Astor House; he found his way into the deserted relic and explored the dusty old rooms. The red box was still on the churchyard railings, the Red Box on Vesey Street that H. C. Bunner had rhymed about, put there to receive magazines and books for shut-ins. Down the brief journey toward the river were old bookstores and hardware shops and bookbinders and restaurants and the ancient spicy groceries of Hamblet and Callanan where big coffee sacks always had their necks turned open like Walt Whitman's shirt. Opposite the graveyard was the surprising signboard of Goodenough and Woglom: *Bibles and Prayerbooks and Interchangeable Church Advertising*. There was even some sort of esoteric magazine called *The Truth Seeker*. At the pavement level was a notice: *The Truth Seeker, One Flight Up*. One day this sign vanished. Mistletoe was disturbed. Don't tell me he's found it? he wondered. But it reappeared on the opposite side of the way, repainted: *The Truth Seeker, 2 Flights Up*. It seemed that we were not even holding our own. In the strong depression of his first days' anxieties (starting a newspaper column from scratch is a painful job) he tried to hearten himself by buying on Vesey Street a copy of the Religio Medici. Oddly, it was that book that gave him the impulse for his final causerie four years later. During his very first week he made the mistake of rereading Bacon's essays, and concluded that the platinum and diamonds of My Lord's style might well daunt any dealer in paste pearls. But imagine a creature trying to nerve himself to run a New York newspaper column by reading Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne. Was ever anything more agreeably fantastic?

Now for four years he worked day by day actually in the city of his worship; and in that part of the city that means most to those who have her memories at heart. His job, as he imagined it, was to feel her beauty and terror and try occasionally to bring a small glimpse of it on paper. It would be silly to harp on the fact that she was beautiful then; she was, but she is even more so now; will be more beautiful and terrible still as time proceeds. All I insist is that just then seemed a brave new world. The war was over; New York had suddenly found herself the center and cynosure of human scheming. It was significant to see so many cultivated young Englishmen continually drifting in to have a look at Manhattan. In the old days they would have made their grand tour on the Continent. Now, by the shift in financial balance (I suppose finance is the deep tide that secretly governs the arts) these lads or their parents had waked to the fact that America was thrillingly interesting and must be reckoned with. And to Mistletoe the *Evening Post* was the most exciting place to be, in the most fantastic city, in the most extraordinary age.

* * *

One did not come to such a paper unmoved by its traditions. He was always sensitive to the dignity of the past. Walking in Riverside Park with a child, he recognized dear old Major George Haven Putnam, head of the famous publishing house. He recalled from the Major's memoirs that Washington Irving once laid his hand on Putnam's youthful head and wished him luck. There was the Hudson, still flowing down from Irving's hills: why should not the ancient piety also be current? He ventured to address the Major and present the urchin to him. The good old man kindly passed on the blessing to the four-year-old. It meant nothing to the child then, but it pleased Mistletoe to think that only one human touch intervened between that boy and Rip Van Winkle. He could even trace that blessing higher still, for (as the Major remarked) it had been given to Irving by George Washington himself.

In the office of the *Post* was Mr. J. Ranken Towse, the dean of dramatic critics, who had been on the paper fifty active years, had been there under William Cullen Bryant. To see good Mr. Towse with his black velveteen hat coming grimly down the aisle at the opening of some dubious farce, steeled to resent any affront to the higher dignities of the stage, was to perceive something of rugged human honor. One of the blessed absurdities of the office was that once a year Mr. Towse made his young colleague feel immeasurably old. The veteran had preserved, from undergraduate days at Cambridge, a passionate concern about Oxford and Cambridge rowing; in which he confidently expected even a bastard Oxonian to be equally interested. Every spring, as the contest of Blues approached, Mr. Towse was eager to discuss details of the boats. He had pored over the London *Times's* reports on the training and now was full of doctrine about some powerful Cantab at Number 5, who was an Etonian oar and weighed over 14 stone. Alas, though he had once done some sweating on the Isis, Mistletoe's curiosity in this matter had evaporated; he must have grieved Mr. Towse by his inadequate response. The desks of Mr. Towse and Mr. Finck, the music critic, were back to back in a small sanctum. Nothing was more delightful than to hear these Nestors affectionately bickering together. Mr. Finck had only been on the paper 40 years, so Mr. Towse still considered him a mere youngster. (In any argument Mr. Towse had the final advantage of being the only one of us who had worked under Bryant.) Mr. Finck's hobbies were anthropology and diet. His discussion whether Romantic Love existed among savages was a surprising one in the staid bureaux of the *Post*. In the matter of diet he was an exponent of bran, and frequently insisted to young Mistletoe that the success of his Bowling Green would depend largely upon mild wines and proper aperients. Both Mr. Finck and Mr. Towse in moments of stress would savage their assistant Charley Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer had then served the *Post* only some 35 years, and they still visualized him as an impish office-boy.

One of the special phenomena of those years was the rise of an able but peremptory generation of youths briskly disregardful of anything that had been suffered, thought or written before 1917. The Young Intellectuals (so they quite gravely called themselves) were of the opinion that American civilization was hostile to the "artist" and that Paris was the only place to live and learn. One might have wondered sometimes whether some of this was not due to subtle propaganda on the part of steamship companies feeling the post-War slack. Anyhow it was evident that many of the rising sort believed themselves immured in a crass world like the boys in the old painting of the princes in the Tower. Mistletoe, not himself much senior, should have felt humiliated to be finding American life so amazingly fecund. He read Anatole France and De Gourmont and Valéry and André Gide, and he found Aldous Huxley's *Leda* the most perfect thing of its kind since Keats. But with plentiful enthusiasm for all these, he was not able to discern that any modern had cut much deeper than Swift, or that anyone had yet outdistanced Chaucer.

God knows I am not inclined to taunt the Young Intellectuals of that era for their megrims. Every man worth salt will have his own purgatories to go through; he cannot always choose just at what period he will meet them. Luckiest those who get through the worst of them early. There is many a darker phase I might dwell on in this free-hand cartoon of an inquisitive mind. I can identify pitiable limitations, incongruities, and that bad feeling that so many know, the anger of sometimes having been dealt with like an ill-managed horse: reined in or overdriven always at the wrong moment. How rarely a man attains the blessing of complete surrender of all powers and instincts in one creative task. There was at least something of that honorable devotion in the *Evening Post* employ. Men loved her and lived for her. No smug self-deception, no skilled pleasantries in prose, can conceal a man's crises from himself. But sometimes the troubled and uneven lives have proved the most contributory.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Foreign Legionaries

AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN THE FOREIGN LEGION. By PAUL AYRES ROCKWELL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by LEONARD H. NASON

THIS book came to us for review in the advance sheets. Hence the publishers did not trumpet its entrance, and we were unable to read a brief history of the author's life on the jacket. In the book, a rather shadowy personage named Paul Rockwell enlists in the Foreign Legion in August, 1914, and sometime later is discharged for wounds received in battle. There is no further mention of him. We assume that he is the author, a brother of Kiffin Rockwell of glorious memory, the second American aviator to die in combat in the air.

We will begin by saying that his book evoked our enthusiasm. The old heart beat faster, and the eyes glistened. We do not like most war books. The authors seem to feel that they must astound; that they must electrify, and that they must harrow the readers' feelings. In order to do this, they dissect, poke, turn over, and wallow in all sorts of unpleasant things. Mr. Rockwell made a tremendous effect on me. I heard bands play; martial music echoed through every page, and the old shivers ran up and down the spine. This was not done by any turn of phrase, nor by any taking of the reader aside and weeping on his neck. Mr. Rockwell has nothing in this book but history, written calmly and dispassionately. His style is noticeable only for a lack of adjectives.

In August, 1914, a group of Americans enlisted in the Foreign Legion of the French Army. Later, by ones and twos, other Americans joined them. This book is a history of their doings for the next four years, told simply, as a history should be, but mercilessly, as few histories have been told. If a man was brave, the story of his deeds is set down just as it happened. If he was a coward, a quitter, a weakling, his story is set down with his name and the date and place of his cowardice. This, to me, is the most noble thing in the book. There are too many men who are heroes in their neighbors' minds today because all those who could expose them as the cowards they are died soldiers' deaths. The cowards are few in this book, but the heroes are many. Names like Capdevielle, Christopher Charles, Kiffin Rockwell, Blount, and Nock ring through it like a bugle. Then, quite suddenly, during the account of an attack on some obscure farm, some trench, or unknown hill, we are told of the death of one of these men. Then follows his posthumous citation. After that, silence. There is no wringing of hands in Mr. Rockwell's book. One of the characters writes, calmly, before an attack, "Well, I am the senior in point of service in the outfit now, and it's always the old timers that get knocked off, so today will probably be my turn." The book states briefly that he was right, and that he went smilingly. Always the smile—through mud, cold, heat, exhaustion, famine, thirst, battle, raids, wounds, death—always the smile and the ready laugh.

In a history of the Foreign Legion one would expect to find brutal non-coms, thieves, murderers, absconders, all the lay figures that fiction has led us to believe existed in the Legion. We do not find them in this book. A few, of course, but non-coms are brutal in any army. For the rest, the proportion was, and is, no higher in the Foreign Legion than in any other gathering of men. This book is not only a history of the Foreign Legion. There are mentioned also the records of Americans who served in the 171 *de ligne* of the famous Lafayette Esquadrille. There is also a tale of a man sent to the Moroccan battalion by mistake that is more interesting than any desert fiction we have ever read. There is the description of the French and Arab armies drawn up opposite each other in two long lines, as in the good old days, that at the given moment hurl themselves at each other, sock! Then the survivors counted themselves and saw which side had won. Where were the press correspondents then, that we never heard of such things before?

I am enthusiastic about this book because it coincides with my ideas of what Americans are and with my experience of their reactions in battle. I prophesy that it will survive, and that it will be read, like Cæsar's "Gallic War," long after its contemporaries have perished, and this because perhaps each soldier's heart reechoes the thought of one character in the book, who, upon Armistice morning, one of the few survivors of that very gallant company of American volunteers, sat down upon a barren hilltop amidst the wreckage of the battle and wrote, "It was, on the whole, a very pleasant war."

Icelandic Poetry

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF ICELANDIC VERSE. By WATSON KIRKCONNELL. New York: Louis Carrier & Alan Isles. 1930.

Reviewed by KEMP MALONE

THE celebration this year of the millennium of the Icelandic parliament has brought with it renewed interest in all things Icelandic. Our machinery of publicity was set going to make the world Iceland-conscious, and Iceland-conscious the world has duly become. However mechanical the method, we must welcome its fruits, for Iceland is more than worth all the attention she has got. The friends of Iceland have not failed to improve the shining hour. Many volumes have come out in many tongues, and every aspect of Icelandic civilization has had attention. But the glory of Iceland, now as always, is her literature, and Mr. Kirkconnell made no mistake when he paid tribute to the saga island with a representative selection of Icelandic poems, pleasantly Englished.

Iceland is indeed a land of poets. From the time of the first settlers in the ninth century down to the present day poetry has flourished there to an extent undreamed of in other countries. The first Icelanders took with them from their Norwegian home a great body of poetry, handed down by oral tradition. This poetry was of two main kinds: heroic and courtly. The first was an inheritance from Germanic antiquity, and had much in common with the contemporary heroic poetry of the English and the Germans. Some of it has been preserved to us in the famous collection known as the Elder Edda. The courtly, or skaldic, type of poetry, on the other hand, was peculiar to Scandinavia and, in time, its cultivation became almost wholly confined to Iceland. The adoption of Christianity in A.D. 1000 did not make the Icelanders give up their literary heritage; indeed, we owe to Christian priests and monks most of the old texts that have come down to us. But in the later Middle Ages the poetical fashions changed, and a new type of popular narrative verse, the so-called *rimur* (rhymes), sprang up. The *rimur* held sway in Iceland for hundreds of years, and their influence has not yet wholly died out.

The unusually rich and fine religious poetry of Iceland likewise had its beginnings in the Middle Ages. The modern period has been marked by an extraordinary poetical activity in many *genres*. The Icelander of today takes to verse as naturally as the Anglo-Saxon takes to sport. The whole nation is literary, from the humblest peasant or fisherman to the prime minister. It is not easy to find an Icelander without a respectable library, and it is almost impossible to find an illiterate person on the island. The Icelandic presses turn out ten times as many books, per head, as do the presses of any other nation. Literature is no mere pastime for the Icelanders. It is the dominant element of the national tradition, and Icelandic patriotism finds its characteristic expression in the study and cultivation of the national literature. Such a people ought to produce much good verse, and anyone at home in Icelandic poetry will tell you that the standard is high. In particular, precision of form and continuity with the past are insisted upon, and these requirements give to Icelandic verse as a whole a distinct classical flavor, behind the varying literary fashions of the centuries, and a characteristic idiom extremely hard to reproduce in another tongue.

Mr. Kirkconnell has taken his selections from the whole range of Icelandic verse: he begins with the "Havamal" and ends with a poet born in 1902. Within his 222 pages he can do no more, of course, than hit a few high spots, and no two persons would agree on the spots. I have found his selections representative enough, for the most part. His translations (or, rather, adaptations) are in English verse. They vary a good deal in merit, but do not often rise high above the pedestrian level. There are sundry mistakes annoying to the pedant, but this is not the place for the correction of details. On the whole, Mr. Kirkconnell is to be congratulated on the accomplishment of a useful piece of pioneering.

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WE have recently received two interesting letters in regard to comments in this department, one from John Hervey of Chicago, collaborator with John Myers O'Hara in the recent excellent definitive translation of Heredia published by the John Day Company, and one from Howard McKinley Corning, whose latest book of poems we recently reviewed. To take up Mr. Hervey's letter first, it is interesting to find that he is another admirer of the work of the South African poet, Roy Campbell. Commenting upon our own comment on Campbell he makes some pertinent remarks we should like to quote here:

> Who was it that set out—a long while ago—to discredit anything "oratorical" in poetry and succeeded so well in doing so that for a long while now it has been a cardinal principle of criticism that poetry could not and must not have any hint of oratory and if it did it was "not poetry?" This idea has gradually been erected into a dogma—and as Henry Ward Beecher (will you allow me to quote him?) said briefly, "Dogma is only the skin of truth set up and stuffed." As a matter of fact most of the world's greatest poetry is full of oratorical effects—and of necessity *must be*. The modern hatred of oratory, which has come to be excessive, seems to me a confession of weakness—a demonstration of the w.k. "inferiority complex." Since any hint of the oratorical was banned by the areopagus I notice that poetry has become constantly more and more a thing of the closet, a "weak sister," rambling about all over the place and getting nowhere, very slack in the knees and in spite of all the modern improvements, as deficient in lift as an automobile. There are of course exceptions—but only sufficient to establish the rule. Whatever else he may be (or have been) the orator had at least a backbone, stood upright on his pedals and, when successful, carried his auditors with him, often whether they willed or no. That is something that poetry should do but nowadays seldom does. It chirps, croons, twitters, snivels, swears, gurgles, bleats, poses enigmas and cryptograms—and ends in the psychopathic ward or on the garbage heap. All of which does not argue any great benefit from its perusal or liability of life to come, i.e., survival.

Mr. Hervey's perusal of another article in the same issue of the *Saturday Review*, namely the review of Australian literature by C. Hartley Grattan, has led him also to muse upon those Mr. Grattan called "rose and dishwater sort of fellows," namely Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and R. H. Stoddard. We agree with Mr. Hervey that though Stedman and Stoddard but rarely in performance came up to their intentions in poetry, they are not to be dismissed hastily in a long range estimate of American poetry. Each poet has left at least one single poem that cheats oblivion, perhaps Stedman has left more than one. Stoddard's "The Flight of Youth," as Mr Hervey justly notes, should not be forgotten, and we recall Stoddard's "power of excoriation." Stedman, of course, performed most notable services for American literature in his time. We do not, ourself, associate either roses or dishwater with either man. As for Aldrich, Mr. Hervey seems to place him higher than we should, but it is incontrovertible that a handful of brief poems by Aldrich are extremely memorable. He carved some fine intaglios. Apropos of another review Mr. Hervey recalls that Bayard Taylor, rather cried down in it, wrote the "Bedouin Love Song," a notable lyric. It is good to have this discriminating championship of the older American poets. Much of their work may be negligible, but they wrote voluminously in those days, and certainly none of those mentioned was either weakly or sickly in his attitude toward life. And among the work of some of the greatest of English poets you will also be able to discover almost incredible banalities and lapses. What was it that Edmund Gosse once said in verse? "If we could dare to write as ill as those whose voices haunt us still—?" That is the gist of it. A great deal of chaff is always threshed away from the work of any considerable writer, except the very greatest, and sometimes even then. What remains deserves enduring honor.

Mr. Corning says something interesting of his own work:

> It is something to become native to a country in which you did not grow to manhood; there's recurrent division in favor of the country of one's youth, however much one may love an adopted region. I think I remarked this to you before. The mellow pastoral note of Ohio sweeps over these evergreens and peaks (of Oregon) until division results. It's a fearful problem; almost a divided house, and not to be called fortunate. In time I hope to prevail for the Northwest.

He also comments on the tone of our criticism in a fashion that we think hits it off pretty well:

> I notice your preference leans toward the colorful, the imagistic, the ornate in many of your reviews and in much of your own recent work; a jewelled and fantastic objective. While Mr. Untermeyer seeks the substance of thought, the nuances of temperament, the subjective shadings, the philosophic viewpoint. And both your viewpoints are truly elemental in poetry.

Perhaps Mr. Corning is too complimentary, but he also points out what we have always feared as a limitation of our own attitude. It is probably inevitable that once you have given your own inclination rein down one particular road "that," as Robert Frost has said, "has made all the difference." And one is very apt to incline more toward work that attempts what one has always cared most to attempt. Criticism, if it may be called that, is bound to be conditioned by temperament. There are certain kinds of writing that we can recognize as valuable, of whose excellences we are aware, and yet they do not exhilarate us as do other kinds. In poetry, to state it roughly, our leaning has always been toward the romantic rather than the realistic, unless the realistic has also a good deal of the dramatic in it. That is the tendency for which in reviewing the work of others we have always tried to compensate, sometimes not successfully.

In regard to a recent review of ours of the poems of Vachel Lindsay, Mr. Albert Edmund Trombly of Columbia, Missouri, has kindly sent us a copy of a rare book of his entitled "Vachel Lindsay, Adventurer," published by Lucas Brothers of Columbia, Missouri. It is an intelligent appraisal.

We have been extremely dilatory in commenting upon Melville Cane's *"Behind Dark Spaces,"* published this year by Harcourt, Brace & Company. Mr. Cane's first book, "January Garden," was favorably reviewed in the *Saturday Review* by John Erskine. He has contributed to a number of periodicals. Two things impress at once, the nimbleness of rhyme, the quietness of mood. The verse is imagistic in its compact statement. The involution of its rhyming reminds one a little of the late Amy Lowell's experiments, the general brevity of the poems, their fine edge, their laconic mood suggest other imagistic forebears. Peculiarly enough one poem, addressed satirically to Lady-Poets (Of Either Sex) is descriptive of a tendency of the author's own, to whittle and shave his feelings "And save the peelings Pretty and brittle;" to enjoy "the titillation and subtle Play of verbal Shuttle and burble." This it not to say that he does not sometimes express his deepest feelings, but shyly and avertedly. Some of his best work seems to us to be in such purely descriptive poems as "Country-House: Midnight," and "From a Deck Chair," where actuality is magically conveyed, through extremely close observation.

There is a longer poem on "Houdini," excellent in idea and not, to our mind, quite realized because the poet's manner is too meditatively quiet for his theme. Still, it is a notable poem. There are in the conclusion such fine lines as:

There is a legerdemain
Unsensed by mortal fingers,
A clairvoyance
The perishable brain
Is hopeless to attain.
There is a heart-beat of the spirit;
No one can time it.
There is a blood, a muscle, of the soul.
Lithe is the spirit and nimble
To loose the cords of the body;
Wiry and supple the soul
To slip the strait-jacket of the flesh.

and the last poems "We are as Fireflies," and "Tree in December" have indubitable beauty.

"Are parsons less humorous than men of other professions?" asks the *Manchester Guardian*. "Are the little jokes of the parish magazine inferior to those of the school common-room, for instance, or of the mess-room? At least there have been some shining examples of clerical humor. Who was more amusing than Sydney Smith? We have it from G. W. E. Russell that "Soapy Sam" was really much more humorous than his 'Life' suggests. Brookfield was a famous example of kindly humor in a parson; Bishop Stubbs recouped himself for the dryness of his historical style by a rich fund of humor in all the relations of life. Magee said once that the two indispensable qualifications for a bishop were to suffer fools gladly and to answer letters by return of post. Had he put 'a sense of humor' as the third he himself would have been a sound exemplar of its uses."

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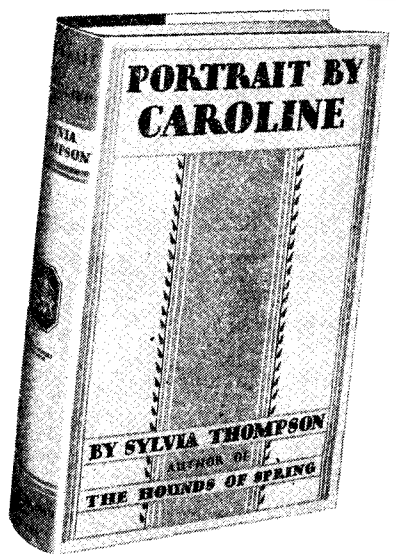

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

YOU know Pierre Mille, one of the most gifted writers of this generation. He is the author of a few books that will probably be read and reread by our grandsons, and of a few types that will survive the originals. (cf. Barnavaux; le Monarque, l'illustre Partonneau). He has just published a little book on "Le Roman Français" (Firmin Didot) which I consider one of the best on the subject, certainly the most suggestive and stimulating that I have read for a long time.

Pierre Mille's "Roman Français" was avowedly inspired by Ford Madox Ford's book on the English novel. Brief, therefore, incomplete, without pretensions to detailed scholarship and purely literary criticism, it omits many famous epochs and names. It really consists of "divagations"—stray thoughts—on the novel, past, present, and future. The past is known, but it is impossible to pass judgment on the contemporary novel, and merely idle speculation to prophesy its future development:

> The new speed with which we have learnt to carry out every act, every movement, has taught us to understand more quickly, to see more things at once; we demand of those who tell us stories, less cohesion, perhaps, but more elaboration of detail—even at the expense of the style—or else, at the opposite pole; a more cynical and impressionist view of things, like the impression left by a ride in a car at 80 miles an hour. We live more quickly and so we feel more quickly. And of course, one does not see and feel the same things when one is on foot, on horseback, in a train, a car, or an aeroplane. This does not mean that we feel more deeply. Too much speed obliterates differences and everything leaves the same superficial impression. Intelligence remains, and with some people, a primitive instinct that makes them "surrealists." The clearest thing about all this is the inevitable disappearance of the oratorical style of the romantics, to which I am quite resigned; while—and this is regretable—the fine analytical style of the 18th century, to which Stendhal and Balzac, though no artists in style, remained faithful, will emerge from the conflict sadly impaired; but this process is not going on rapidly as yet. Tactics change, principles remain. The essence of the novel is the relations of men and women. Great novels are always those where a man and a woman figure as definite types, more real than reality, and the novel must give them a living background.

So much for the principle of Pierre Mille's book. You will discover for yourselves the wealth, felicity, and, I must add, the originality of its development.

A literary event of importance is the publication by André Babelon of "Diderot's Letters to Sophie Volland" (Galliniard: 3 vol.), one third of which are still unpublished and were only recently discovered. They throw a new light on the life of the Encyclopedists and, though not meant for publication, are probably Diderot's masterpiece. They place him in the very first rank of eighteenth century literature, perhaps above Voltaire and Montesquieu. He saw farther. He is nearer us. André Babelon is also the author of an excellent translation of Hölderlin's "Mort d'Empedocle." How he unearthed Diderot's Letters and got them into print is another story, much to his credit.

"Mercure de France" has just published the sixth volume of Francis Vielé Griffin's collected works. He belongs to that pleiad of artists who, under the misleading label of symbolism, were the artisans of a real poetic renascence at the end of the nineteenth century. Vielé Griffin shares with Stuart Merrill the privilege of having transfused into French literature some of the undefinable but unmistakable qualities of English and American poetry. His origins and ascendance had prepared him for that role. Not that he was ever inspired by an acclimatizing tendency. In many respects he has been the most authentic descendant of Ronsard and du Bellay, the best representative in our time of the French Renaissance. Nobody has written of the river la Loire, for instance, and its affluent le Loir, in truer accents. He is a poet, a great poet, exclusively a poet.

You know the sort of literature which great actresses, dressmakers, music-hall artists, boxers, etc. offer a dazzled world towards the end of their careers. Put this notion aside when thinking of Madame Simone le Bargy's novel, "Le Désordre" (Plon). It is a sombre story about the obsession of love in the soul of a girl who is not beautiful but yearns after beauty. Madame Simone's Emma Collinet belongs to that type, rather infrequent in our literature, and is likely to survive. Emma lives dangerously, on the frontier of insanity, until at last unsatisfied but resigned, she returns to the grey land of order and safety. Madame Simone has the gift of the born novelist—that of wonder at her own creations. Her power of observation alone would suffice to make her quite worthy of recognition in the world of letters. Her book has been hailed as a revelation. It is not her fault if exceptional characters have recently become literary commonplaces.

Under a thin veil of fiction, "Aymeris" is the autobiography of Jacques Émile Blanche. It is a pathetic confession by the well-known painter and memorialist, free from that self-abasement or self-praise which is the bane of so many autobiographies. Forty-five years of cosmopolitan art and literature are interwoven into that very full and significant life of one of the most gifted and most tormented spirits of our time. Jacques Émile Blanche seems to have known almost all the people who were worth knowing in Europe and America.

The history of the 'eighties and 'nineties in France, so completely unknown to the present generation, is now beginning to be written. One startling episode was the meteoric career of General Boulanger who was for three years the idol of Paris, held the Republic at his mercy, just missed dictatorship, and ended by committing a romantic suicide on the tomb of his beloved. I have read "Au Temps du Boulangisme," by Zevaës (Galliniard) and "Le Brave General Boulanger," by "Branthôme" (Marcel, Seheur, Paris). The first is more judicious, the second racier, more outspoken, frankly partial, and stuffed with amusing reproductions of colored prints.

The great "couturier" Paul Poiret's "Recollections," published under the title "En Habillant l'Epoque," are as juicy, picturesque, malicious, self-revealing as one can wish. Do not make the mistake of considering him as a mere type of his profession. Poiret is intensely individual. As a dictator of fashion, he was once more courted, and by more queens, than any king or emperor. Some of his anecdotes are bitterly cruel. He gives the names or the initials of his victims. The whole book is illuminated by his intensely interesting personality. Wealthy American women played a typical part not only in his own destiny (he was *déniaisé* by one of them), but in the transformation of his business. A vain, napoleonic, and witty temperament like his could not fail to provide good reading. A most entertaining book, but strongly tainted with the author's petty prejudices, especially against his former American clientèle.

A new 'ism" has recently sprung into existence: Populism. We are sick of self-introspection, say the populists, of mental autopsies. Only corpses can be critically dissected. Literary narcissism is at last becoming nauseous. Let us revert to those social contacts, groups, relations, that are so much more evident and accessible in the life of the multitude than in the destiny of exceptional characters. Let us study the man in the street rather than the man in a cell, cellar, prison, secret room, harem, or lunatic asylum. Human beings, divested of their nexus of connections with society, are no longer human. Over-civilization ends in the worst form of savagery. Super-sensitiveness leads to isolation, decay, and a sort of distinguished beastliness. In short, Populism is a not unexpected reaction against the prevalent rottenness of spirit. It consists of a blend of humanism and realism. The movement is led by André Therive, the very able and universally intelligent critic of the *Temps*. He has just published "Noir et Or," a war book of singular excellence. Do not consider "populist" as synonym of "popular." The "people," the "masses," like romance, not reality; they want heroes; not men.

"Populism" is but a word, a rallying sign, a tendency not a doctrine. Long life to populism.

Our students and general public have long been in want of a new, complete, and workable edition of French classics, well printed, on good paper, and yet inexpensive. I have been watching the progress of Librairie Plon's attempt to fulfil all these requirements. They have now published Molière (6 vols), Racine (3 vols), and La Fontaine. The introductions, notes, and text adopted take into account all recent discoveries and emendations. Plon's classics are a great and deserved success.

Major Yeats Brown is now engaged upon another book, to be called "Eveline: A True Story." This is a tale of Constantinople from 1910 to 1920, and the heroine is a beautiful Polish girl.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE NEW REGIONALISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By CAREY MCWILLIAMS. Seattle: University of Washington Book Store. 1930. 65 cents.

In this subdued but yet pointed essay Mr. McWilliams neatly exposes the fallacies of the new regionalism, the "rash for regional writing" that remains as prevalent today throughout the south, the middle-west, and the far west as during the local color era. In state after state writers have organized for the conscious exploitation of local literary resources. *New Mexico* claims, through one of its leaders, "a separate and distinct poetic personality"; and so no doubt does Utah. South Dakota, in the amazement of self-discovery, produces remarkable dithyrambic verses:

Bad lands? Glad lands!
Clay lands? Gay lands!
Sand lands? Grand lands!
Drear lands? Dear lands!

Regionalism, new or old, is all too frequently an uncritical and unesthetic boosting of the local product. Where it is most vigorous it is least needed, for the native of any genuine region proclaims his origin, whether or not he wishes, in his turns of thought as decidedly as in his manner of speech. The organized movement tends toward a spurious, antiquarian regionalism in which writers labor with a supposed natural language (from which Mr. McWilliams has given a characteristic bit) rather than their own, and employ conventional local color instead of the life about them. In California, which harbors unnumbered aggressive regionalists, nothing is more pathetic than recently transplanted Iowans and Nebraskans attempting to be Spanish or Aztec.

Undoubtedly the intellectual life of the provinces needs development, a development which the regionalists will do less to advance than to retard until they have forgotten their delusive slogans. Meanwhile the movement is frozen into the position gravely attributed to it by one of its spokesmen: it has "its feet on the ground and its hands in the soil"—a posture sufficiently distressing to inspire audible vocal activity but hardly conducive to literary creation. In the serviceable survey with which Mr. McWilliams's essay opens some important and competent writers are named, the friendly shelter to which minor talents creep for protection.

Fiction

THESE GENERATIONS. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

Mrs. Mordaunt's new novel of a half English, half Spanish family living luxuriously on their plantation in Central America, though not an important book in any serious sense, glows with the sensuous beauty of the land it describes and unfolds a moderately engrossing story of romance and love and tragic death. From start to finish one feels the pull of the land's illusion, the "golden dust of midday, and the small fantastic Indians with their large hats and swinging plaits," the pulsing heat and the lure of cool patios where pale beauties sip citron pressé with soda and ice. One understands how this very beauty could rub one raw as it does the American hero when tragic reality reveals the fact that underneath all the languorous charm life is sombre, sensual and cruel. Mrs. Mordaunt knows the land of her setting and makes us feel its essence with a power that recalls Stevenson, and reminded this reader of one of his loveliest short stories called, "Olalla." But with her characters the author is less skilful, and it is evident that the land and people generally fascinate her far more than the problem of any individual.

The character of the old countess who really dominates the book, though the story revolves about the loves of two of her grandchildren, is just a bit forced. Her past life is reviewed in a sketchy manner that tends to confuse one, and when the book opens, Grandmère is living happily with her fourth husband, a dashing young Frenchman some thirty years her junior. Along with her four husbands it is hinted that the old lady has had a rather larger number of *affaires*; she has never been completely faithful to any man and now does not dream of demanding fidelity of her somewhat youthful spouse. She has a quick tongue and a somewhat robust humor, and is the despair of her children and grandchildren who passionately resent her habit of speaking her mind, and monopolizing the interest and conversation of their guests. This at the beginning of the book; before the end the author has brought about a subtle change, and Grandmère is the presiding spirit to whom all the family turn for sympathy and help. She dies happily at the last, having lived her life courageously if a bit incredibly, unhampered by any regrets save those whose edges were softened by romantic memory. Though the character of the old countess is carried on from the author's previous novel, "Too Much Java," in the present novel she never approaches the excellence of such personages as Miss Stern's "Matriarch" or Walpole's old "Duchess of Wrexe." But for all that it is Grandmère who makes the story, and throughout she is charming and amusing, while about her two lovely grand-daughters, Felicia and Anna, the author has woven a believable and exciting tale.

BELSHAZZAR. By SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD. Doubleday, Doran. 1931.

To read at this date a new story by Sir H. Rider Haggard is to take a sentimental journey to one's youth. That was an astonishing series of romances that he turned out, fifty or sixty of them at least, and if they were most of them cut in similar pattern, they were nevertheless corking good yarns. Heroes were heroic, villains were villainous, and women were either beautiful and good or beautiful and bad, but anyway you knew just where you were with them. To curl up in an armchair in front of a fire with "King Solomon's Mines" or "Allan Quatermain" or "She" was to escape from a perplexing world and live for an hour in one that was simple and glamorous with adventure. It is an astonishing thing that, despite the revolution in public taste, Haggard was able to retain much of his old magic to the end, and even the sophisticates of the younger generation can find a thrill in this posthumous romance from the pen of the gallant old Victorian who never departed from the Victorian manner.

THE ADVERSARY IN TOMIKA. By G. V. HAMILTON in collaboration with MARY REYNOLDS. Sears. 1930. $2.

Tomika is a small country town in the hills, north of the Ohio river, either in Pennsylvania or Ohio. The Adversary is God: "The blind, stupid, cruel, inflexible Enemy of mankind." As a substitute for God, local tradition has developed a non-theological deity, a sort of ethical force, called the Goodman: "Ages ago the Goodman, knowing God to be the Adversary, rebelled against Him and set up a kingdom in which all is love and anarchy." With this odd creed as a background, G. V. Hamilton and Mary Reynolds tell a strange story of illegitimacy, frustration, and self-destruction. A minister seduces his best friend's wife; the child that is born becomes, forty years later, a dissatisfied artist, marries, but only to find in a little while that he loves his wife's half-sister; the narrative ends in a double suicide. Thus the evil nature of the Adversary is demonstrated.

The collaborating authors have cast this somewhat disagreeable plot into a highly eccentric form. Most of the narrative is developed through dialogue, regulation dramatic dialogue, with straight prose interspersed here and there. It is difficult to see any particular merit in this departure from convention, though Mr. Hamilton, in a preliminary Author's Note, says: "In telling this story I have followed as closely as possible the method used by the old women from whom I got its essential features when I was a little boy. When one of them had a long story to tell she gave it in dialogue. . . ."

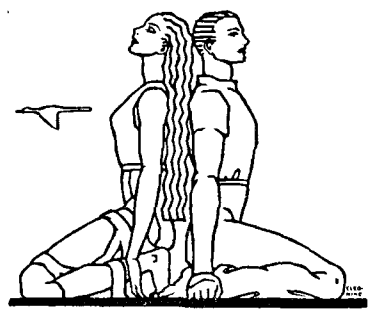
Although the book is heavy and ungainly, we cannot deny the collaborators' earnest sincerity. But for the success of such an avowedly defeatist document, a good deal more artistry was necessary than Mr. Hamilton and Miss Reynolds evidently possessed.

Juvenile

THE GREEN DOOR. By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $2.

Between gay green covers, with attractive page and clear, readable type, is this not very important but enjoyable story of a little girl, her family, and a few of her friends. The book has the virtue of natural characters who speak and act like real persons. Hazel, the heroine, is a rather precocious child, but not in an unpleasant way; you feel, and indeed the author implies occasionally, that she is more interesting than the average child and will, if all goes well,

(*Continued on next page*)



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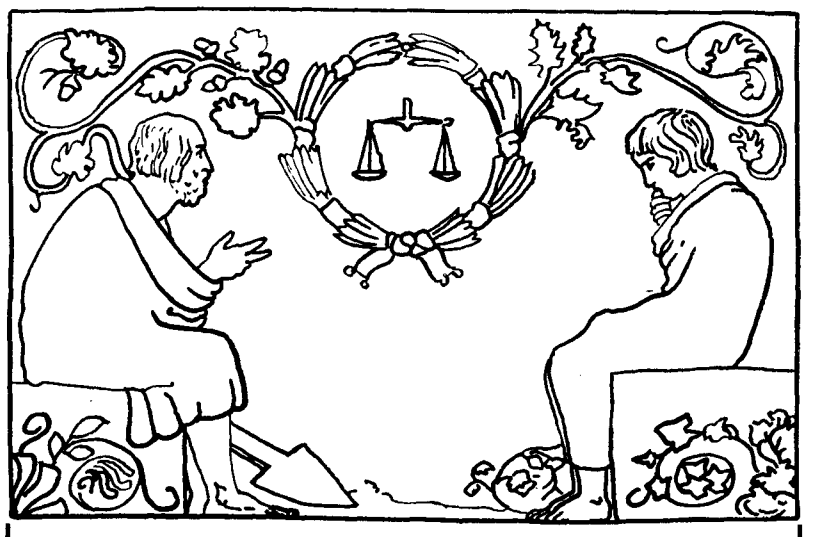

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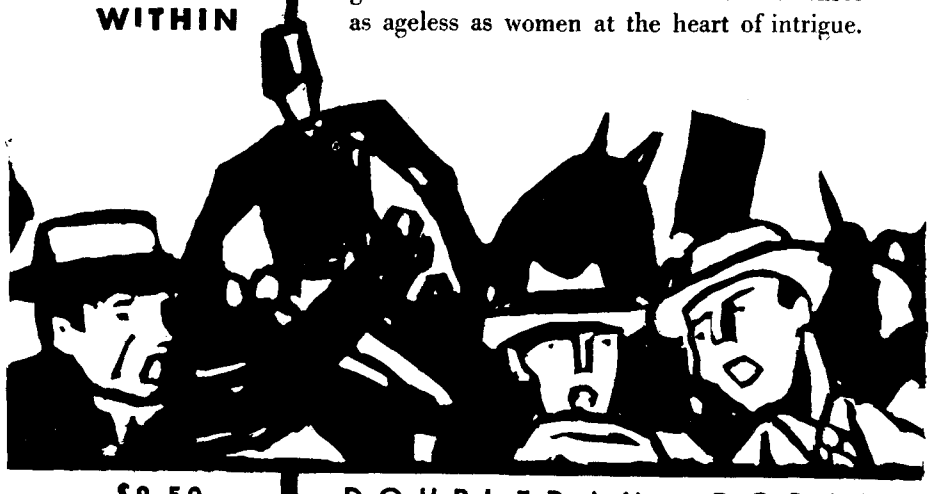

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

grow up to be an ornament to the writing profession. Meanwhile she has experiences not very different from those of average children, getting into trouble and out again as children do. The illustrations—scissor cut-outs by Lisl Hummel—add to the attractiveness of the book but confuse one a little because they show a child of at most four or five rather than a little girl of six or seven.

WITH PACK AND SADDLE. By LAWTON B. EVANS. Springfield, Mass.: Milton Bradley. 1930. $1.75.

The subtitle of Mr. Evans's book for juniors is "Famous American Frontier Stories." There are upwards of forty chapters, but the chapters are short and are upon themes so selected as to present motion pictures of American settlement and border life in practically every phase, from that of early California and Kentucky to that of the plains and mountains. Chapters such as "California Missions," "The Wilderness Trail," "Down the Ohio," "Up the Mississippi," "Indian Trails," "The Santa Fé Trail," the Astor chapter, "A Fortune in Fur," "The Pathfinder" (Frémont), "Westward, Ho!", "The Cow Pony," and so on, are in the main descriptive narrative, but there are action and incident chapters, such as "The Old Miner's Story," "Boone is Taken Prisoner," "Holding Up the Stage," "The Wolf Pack," "The Sheep Dog's Story," "Outwitting the Cattle Thieves," and occasionally the author appears to be telling an experience of his own. "With Pack and Saddle" is to be commended for its range of topics and for its simple, direct style of narrative. The full page illustrations in black and white by R. A. Ewing are not only spirited but accurate.

Miscellaneous

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Harry J. Carman*. Heath. $4.

LABOR AND LUMBER. By *Charlotte Todes*. International. $2.

LABOR AND TEXTILES. By *Robert W. Dunn* and *Jack Hardy*. International. $2.

LABOR AND COAL. By *Anna Rochester*. International. $2.

CONTEMPORARY SPEECHES. Compiled by *James W. O'Neill* and *Floyd K. Reilly*. Century. $2.50.

THE CARE AND REPAIR OF THE HOME. By *Vincent B. Phelan*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

THE LIBERTY BELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA. By *John Baer Stoudt*. Philadelphia: Campbell. $5.

THE AMERICAN FLAG. By *Robert Philips*. Stratford. $2.

THE TWELVE WINDED SKY. By *E. L. Woodward*. $2.50.

BRIDGE DECISIONS. By *David H. Van Damm*. Putnam. $1.50.

THE WORKERS' SHARE. By *A. W. Humphrey*. London: Allen & Unwin.

NOW WE'RE LOGGIN'. By *Paul Hosmer*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE CIRCUS IN LITERATURE. By *Leonidas Westervelt*. Privately printed.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. Compiled by *Daniel Sommer Robinson*. Crowell. $4.50.

H. H. OR THE PATHOLOGY OF PRINCES. By *Kamhayalal Gaubo*. Lahore: Jinnes Publishing Co.

ZOOM. By *George R. White*. Longmans, Green. $1.50.

SPEECH CRAFT. By *Elsie Fogerty*. Dutton. $1.25.

YOUR VISION AND HOW TO KEEP IT. By *H. G. Merrill* and *L. W. Oaks*. Putnam. $1.50.

UPHILL STEPS IN INDIA. By *M. L. Christlieb*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

BODY. By *Daniel Quilter*. Autographic Editions Club.

WHITTIER'S USE OF THE BIBLE. By *James Stoey Stevens*. Orono, Me.: University Press.

Science

SCIENCE AND FAITH *or* THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF SCIENCE. By HUGH W. SANFORD. Putnam's. 1930. 2 vols.

Mr. Hugh W. Sanford is the author of a previous sociological work entitled "The Business of Life" which elicited the valuable praise of Charles W. Eliot of Harvard and C. H. Cooley of Michigan. In "Science and Faith" he has attempted a higher flight into the realm of metaphysics. Here his speculations are bold, not to say bizarre; the results are more interesting than convincing. Starting from the apparent dualism of mind and matter, he endeavors to show that the two are opposites, and to prove that the evolution of mind is correlative with an involution and actual disappearance of matter; the whole process is supposed to have been initiated by a Spiritual Cause and to terminate in the spiritual perfection of the universe. In the course of his arguments he runs foul of both the old and the new physics and finds himself obliged to originate his own explanations of gravitation, kinetic energy, and light, as well as to correct the application of mathematical concepts to physics—all of which he cheerfully does. He wanders all over the universal lot and back again, but in the course of his fruitless journeying he does let fall many a shrewd comment on various features of the landscape. His spirited tilts with nearly every scientist or philosopher whom he meets on the way make his work a kind of philosophical "Orlando Furioso" in which there is much flashing sword play of real argument along with even more wild riding on winged coursers of the air.

AMBER TO AMPERES, the Story of Electricity. By ERNEST GREENWOOD. Harpers. 1931. $4.

The history of electricity, if it ever comes to be written in anything like its fulness and complexity, may well turn out to be the history of the cosmos both of the infinitely little and of the immeasurably vast. For at bottom—if so we may interpret the labors of men like Rutherford, Sir J. J. Thomson, Niels Bohr, Millikan, Heisenberg, and many others—at bottom "electricity" is but a name describing what might be called the "action patterns of a speck so minute that the entire population of the globe, counting day and night, would require two years to number the specks passing through an electric light filament in *one second*. And yet these midgets, these bacteria of the inorganic, by their intricate dance-play with one another, seem at present (for science is very humble these days) to be responsible for all that we know as "reality"; from the first stirrings of consciousness in an imbecile or an Einstein to each of the thirty million "island universes" among which our own so nonchalantly drifts.

There is, however, small likelihood of such a history being outlined within less than several geologic epochs, even assuming that the specks are still arranged in the form known as "Homo sapiens." And such fragmentary chapters as we now have are so crowded with the bewildering—and often bewildered—hieroglyphics of the mathematicians that the layman hurriedly excuses himself—in order to turn on his radio for an hour of song and dance conveyed to him through several hundred miles of blank air.

The present volume by Ernest Greenwood is—more or less deliberately—written for the layman—whose other name is Legion. It is a readable, well documented, and informative account of the technological—as opposed to the scientific—development of electricity. The captionesque title cleverly indicates both the matter and the manner of the book which the author of "Aladdin, U. S. A." and "Prometheus, U. S. A." now offers us: we are to be told some of the ways in which this amazing force was explored and studied during the past three thousand years—but much more of the ways in which it has come to be exploited, "to the greater glory of Man." Those of a studious and analytic mind are warned that the emphasis is always upon the *practical*, with a dash of flag-waving, and much sturdy optimism for both present and future.

Mr. Greenwood opens with a chapter on Thales, the Greek philosopher who first noticed in amber the property since called by its Greek name. This, and the next chapter on the "Philosopher's Stone," give the "historical" background; somewhat chatty, but well enough for the purpose. Then comes an account of magnetism, leading up to the inevitable Franklin, whose shrewd and undeniably acute genius led the way to the future science of electro-magnetism and physics. The reader is not inconvenienced by too much talk of Dalton, Lavoisier, Faraday, and other pioneers of this science, but led at once to a narrative of the struggles to harness the force which Franklin had so briefly trapped. An appendix on the incandescent lamp, a bibliography, and a few so-so illustrations fill out the book, which is written in a simple, pedestrian style, carefully pruned of all reference to abstract or highly technical matter that might lead the unwary reader into complicated states of mind.

Books Briefly Described

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF INDIA. By A. C. UNDERWOOD. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

A summary of the philosophical attitudes of the various individuals and parties in contemporary India.

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT OF GERMANY. Volume I. By W. TUDOR JONES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

A general survey of German thought from Kant through Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and on to the present day.

(*Continued on page* 604)

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Points of View

Importation and Copyright

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a recent issue you printed an exchange between a professor and a publisher as to an American resident's right to import foreign books for his own use. Well, why not? would be the natural reaction of any normal person. Can he not import anything else he pleases if he has the price and meets the duty? Yet that right is challenged by certain publishers when the book desired is one that has had an authorized American reprint also. In which case the reprinter, they say, should have the statutory power to bar from this country all copies of the author's original and every other edition, regardless, too, of possible difference in price and attractiveness.

This, in the name of copyright. Copyright means exclusive right, and the one who has it may dispose of his work to suit himself—for example, may divide it by form, by time, by territory. Thus, the translating rights may go to one, dramatization to another, et cetera. One might have the sale for a first term, another thereafter. And so each country might have its own exclusive distributor.

One may admit the logic of all this, and yet if it works out so that an American citizen is confronted by a publisher's fiat that he cannot possess the native edition of an English author's work, except by his, the publisher's, permission, most red-blooded folks would say there's something rotten somewhere. If that is what copyright comes to, it is due for a sea-change in order to survive in the democracy of radio diffusion and aeroplanes.

But there is nothing the matter with copyright. The trouble is in some irreconcilables who cannot stomach the Constitutional (and Supreme Court) fact that copyright is a statutory, not an inherent, natural, absolute, right. Jefferson, they lament, was duped by French philosophy, and the Convention overawed by the House of Lords, which in 1774 had so interpreted the Anne Statute of 1710. This duping and overawing was in the good years 1776 and 1789! The people that profess to believe this had a bill before the Senate in 1900 making the copyright term 1000 years.

No, the Constitution is quite sound on copyright, the crack is elsewhere. The framers of that instrument wrote that the purpose of copyright is "to promote the progress of science," and this was to be done "by securing for limited times to authors . . . the exclusive right to their . . . writings." The idea of this device was thus to do something not for authors, but for the public—to advance knowledge. The means of getting knowledge extended was to induce those who possessed knowledge to share it, by getting paid to do so; i. e., by being for a limited time the only ones to multiply the records of their knowledge and dispose of them—in other words, to publish and sell. The single thing given the author is security against invasion. Nobody can appropriate his writings. The sole proper purpose of legislation in his behalf is to prevent infringement or punish it.

Thus secured, the legislature may lay down prescription as to his use of this as of any other property. It must dovetail with other privileges granted, to effect the greatest good to the greatest number. At every step in the increasing complexity of publication, there are just two questions always to be asked, and in this order: (1) Is the edition illicit? If so, confiscate it. (2) Will the proposed means of distribution best promote the progress of science? If not, deny it.

Measured by this simple two-faced rule, the publishers' request for the privilege of barring English originals which they have been authorized to reprint was refused four times in the twenty-five years beginning 1891, just as certain other of their theories during this period led to disastrous conflict with a unanimous Supreme Court twice in succession. Two of these efforts were made in the war, when our minds were on other scenes. But the active Patent, Trade-Mark, and Copyright Committee of the American Bar Association squelched them before reaching the floor.

Yet the present campaign began with the same old reactionary resolutions, passed October 4, 1921. Widespread revolt followed quickly as always, and ballast began falling. Stretched over ten years this now comprises foreign language books, foreign newspapers and magazines; books for the Government, the libraries, and those in raised characters for the blind; used books, collections bought *en bloc* for libraries, and books in the baggage of travelers thither, although last spring someone tried the joker here of limiting the baggage number to "five such works." This was kicked out of the Senate Committee recently without disclosure of its paternity.

As now drawn, the idea of absolute right of excluding the English originals is abandoned. The individual alone is threatened. He may have his book if he insists, but he must get it through the reprinter and at the foreign price plus transportation and duty. Applying the above yard stick to proposals like this, Congress has thus far taken the position that the progress of science is best promoted by (1) forbidding the trade to import a stock of the original for competition with the American reprint, while (2) allowing the individual and libraries to bring in single copies for use and not for sale. That is to say, those who would make the most serious use of the work would be allowed to get it in the easiest and cheapest way, while the reprinter might monopolize the general market, and, of course, barter accordingly with the author, who thus makes his sale in each case. This meant that with the foreign author secured in his right against a pirate, the American scholar, scientist, book lover was first in order of consideration by the American Congress.

The present proposal is to be rejected on many grounds other than theoretical.

1. It would delay acquisition. All English books would have to be looked up for possible American reprints. An inquiry of the Copyright Office would be the only sure way. Then the publisher would be addressed and given ten days to consider. Otherwise, confiscation and penalties. There might be confiscation anyhow, since the custom officials might not differentiate the lawful from the illicit order.

2. It could not be enforced, for it is predicated upon the assumption that the custom houses and post offices would have record of all British books of fifty-six years back and fifty years forward that had American reprints, or would write Washington about each entrant before release. It could not and would not be done, but just enough enforcement would follow for constant irritation. Scholars would thus be treated like bootleggers.

3. It is a needless harrassing of worthy men, since, if the reprint is fairly priced, the public will generally accept this, without subjection to compulsion. When the libraries were released, the profit of the scheme passed out. Scholars' small buying would not be a drop in the bucket. If this proposed cancellation of an age-old right were aimed at those who after bringing in copies for sworn use are alleged to have been selling them, it would no more stop them than the present law, while it would open the way to another possible abuse—reprinter's stool-pigeons.

4. The proposal has no counterpart in foreign law. The individual can without interference everywhere get for use any author's original text. England is much cited by the opposition, yet England does just what America now does—(1) bars foreign reprints of British books entirely (2) bars from the *trade* originals reprinted in England, (3) counts as infringement only an importation under (2) for sale or hire, allowing (by unanimous court decision) importation under (2) for use. And England is followed by Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, and South Africa, while Canada specifically permits importation of any work in the International Copyright Union. So the Swiss law of 1922 allows free course to all authorized issues, whether original or reprint. Belgium penalizes only the importation of an illicit edition for commercial purposes. Tauchnitz, with continental printing rights, states that the British and American originals he reprints have open road to Germany for anybody that orders them, whether for use or sale. The law of other countries is silent, as are the codes of the Pan American Convention to which we subscribe, as well as the Berne Convention, to which we do not.

5. The Department of State characterizes the proposal as violative of the favored nation clause in our commercial treaties as well as of the Convention of November 8, 1927 for the abolition of the import and export prohibitions and restrictions, and running counter to the spirit of the Berne Convention—being "nothing more or less than a rider designed to give protection and legal assistance to the American manufacturing industry . . . without necessary connection with copyright or with the statute governing copyright." In other words, a tariff paragraph forced into a copyright measure, when a prohibitive duty is known to be sure of defeat.

The scheme, then, is wrong in theory, impractical, unprofitable, and unjust in operation—again to be rejected by the Senate, as consistently for forty years.

M. Llewellyn Raney.
Director, University of Chicago Libraries.
Chicago, Ill.

"In memory of Goethe's death," says a correspondent of the London *Observer*, "Josef Reiter, the Austrian composer, has written a symphony in G minor, under the title of 'The Goethe Symphony.' The new work is Reiter's opus 152! It is set for orchestra, men's choir, and organ, and consists of four movements: allegro moderato, andante sostenuto, scherzo, and a finale with male chorus to the words of the Pater Ecstaticus in the Second Part of Goethe's 'Faust,' which have been set to music already by Gustav Mahler in his Eighth Symphony.

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Books Briefly Described

(*Continued from page 602*)

ROMANESQUE MURAL PAINTING OF CATALONIA. By CHARLES L. KUHN. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1931.

A study of the highly individual Romanesque work of the Catalan mural painters from the earliest period. The book contains a large number of full-page plates.

THE MEANING OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By MARTIN W. PECK, M. D. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931.

A "guidebook to psychoanalysis designed for readers (including general medical students) who wish an accurate but compressed introduction to the science, free from doctrinal subtleties and points of controversy."

BROTHERS OF THE SILENCES. By ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Another series of nature essays coming from South Carolina which has been prolific in such material and dealing dramatically with wild life, especially on the southern seaboard and in the southern mountains. Written by a curator of ornithology and therefore, in spite of the melodramatic character of some of the episodes, presumably sound.

THE OWL IN THE ATTIC. By JAMES THURBER. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.

A book by the author of "Is Sex Necessary?" with much the same humor and like amusing drawings.

"It is difficult to give too much praise . . . Mr. Sitwell has wit, knowledge and a beautiful prose style. Nobody can be more amusing." —*London Daily Mail.*

"A man of genius . . . he can catch and reveal the universal and eternal pity of things." — *Gerald Gould in the Observer.* "Really remarkable." —*Arnold Bennett.*

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"Were it not that people have such a strange capacity for denying themselves aesthetic pleasure, nobody could read Mr. Osbert Sitwell's last book 'Dumb-Animal,' without keen pleasure." —*London Times.*

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TRADE-MARKS. Designed by CLIFFORD P. HORNUNG. New York: Caxton Press. 1930.

NO drawing needs to be more exact and at the same time more completely self-sustaining than that which symbolizes an idea for a trade mark. As Mr. Gage says in his introduction to this little book, "a man's trade mark designs may well be the measure of his proficiency as an artist." Such work has to be neat, precise, economical. Slipshod technique is intolerable. And clarity of idea is just as important.

Measured by these exacting requirements, Mr. Hornung's designs seem to me to come off very well indeed. There are fifty-three designs shown, and without exception they are clear, deliberate, poster effects which will print well, and carry well to the eye. There is often an amusing felicity in the conception, as in the American Tag Company design, or in that of Albert Schiller, the type-setter. There is little subtlety to them, and no literary appeal such as has distinguished some few occasional designs of the past—like DeVinne's printer's mark. But they are first-rate modern treatments of subjects too often bungled in the doing.

R.

More on Limited Editions

AFTER my recent remarks on limited editions, and the questionable practice of printing many more copies than the edition limit, as given in the colophon to the book, I received several letters from correspondents about the matter. One of these letters raised the point that the printer is not free from blame in cases of overruns. This particular reader, himself a publisher of limited editions, says that he is always being surprised at unnumbered copies of a limited edition book turning up. I wonder, too, how many duplicate numbers there are in circulation of limited editions?

The printer has a responsibility in this matter no less than the publisher. If he undertakes to print a definite number of copies, he should furnish that number and no more. He is, by custom, allowed an office copy, and sometimes one or two more. There should not be any other unnumbered copies. This seems almost too obvious to be worth writing about, yet in the excitement of late years over limited editions, and the many inexperienced persons working with them, it may be well to call attention to the plain ethics of such editions.

R.

Belated Notes

FROM Cheshire House, New York, came "The Christmas Grab-Bag," by Clement C. Moore (old "Night-Before Christmas-Moore," as F. P. A. might put it). The book has been printed by Richard H. Ellis at the Georgian Press in an edition of seven hundred and fifty copies. There are decorations by Louis Koster.

Washington Irving's "Christmas Eve" was sent out by Mr. George A. Nelson. Two hundred and forty-five copies were printed under direction of Frederic Warde, who made a very delicate and charming little book. The binding is in ornamented paper boards with a demure little red label. A very nice little book.

William McFee once wrote a letter to Christopher Morley, and told him of the public house which might be set up in Essex or Sussex, and of the *Captain Macedoine Cocktail* to be mixed therein. Mr. James T. Babb has had fifty copies printed in paper covers, with a wood-engraving of an original drawing by George Wright. I hope to find Captain McFee at the bar when next I go to England.

R.

A New Clarendon Bible

THE Clarendon Press has in hand a new printing of the Bible which seems likely to be a notable edition. The typography is being arranged by Mr. Bruce Rogers at the Oxford University Press.

Sample pages show a magnificent great folio page, the text set in 18 point type, with running heads in a large size of capitals and lower case. The type face is the famous *Centaur*, recently cut for the English monotype company, and used so successfully on a recent Limited Editions Club book. In this new Bible—which the Clarendon Press expects will be *the* lectern Bible for many years—the *Centaur* will be driven by its "onlie begetter," and if the specimen pages at hand are a fair sample of the whole, a most distinguished work is to be expected. The Epistle Dedicatory, set in a large size of the *Arrighi* italic, is especially handsome, while the line "Holy Bible" on the title page is as successful a line of roman capitals as may be found.

It is proposed to issue two hundred copies, in three volumes on hand made paper, as well as an unlimited edition. The new printing of the Bible promises to be a publishing event.

R.

The Black Sun Press

IMAGINARY LETTERS. By EZRA POUND. 375 copies. $10 and $5.

LETTRES INÉDITÉS DE MARCEL PROUST A WALTER BERRY. 250 copies.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND. By LEWIS CARROLL. With six colored lithographs by MARIE LAURENCIN. 790 copies. Paris: The Black Sun Press. 1930.

THE Black Sun Press was established in Paris some four years ago by Harry and Caresse Crosby, with Roger Lescaret as typographer and printer. It has issued a dozen books or so, on a wide variety of

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subjects, and usually in the variety of papers dear to the French printer.

The three volumes before me are done in the approved French style, wide margins, good paper, and quite devoid of typographic adornment. They are all paper-bound.

The Letters of Proust is the most imposing volume typographically. It is set throughout in Astrée italic, one of the best of the modern French types, quite Gallic in feeling, but readable and not uncomely. The margins are singular—the right margin on every page being somewhat less than the left—for what reason it is difficult to surmise. There is a facsimile of one of the letters, and a colotype portrait of Proust. The forty-seven letters included in this volume were written between 1916 and 1922—the last a note from his brother Robert, announcing his death. A certain amount of editorial paraphernalia would have been helpful. English translations of the letters, by the publishers, follow each original. This book will be necessary to all Proust collectors.

Ezra Pound's "Imaginary Letters" have been printed in a modest sixty page volume, in a small, neat, heavy face type. If you like Ezra Pound you will probably like this book: there are quotable passages in it.

"Alice in Wonderland" has been printed as an oblong quarto. The type is a sort of bastard Didot, a recent design called *Dorique*. It has little grace, and no attractiveness. But the book does not depend upon its type for attention: there are six lithographs in color. As illustrations these seem to me to be worth while. They have no faint suggestion of Tenniel, and if they suggest a Victorian doll they carry conviction.

These three books are printed on excellent hand made paper, and if they are not outstanding examples of fine printing they are at least honest pieces of good bookmaking, in the French manner. R.

THE Grolier Club "Catalogue of an Exhibition of the Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle" (also published by the Oxford University Press, with the addition of an introduction and several pages of new letters, under the title of "The Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle in the collection of Lt. Colonel R. H. Isham") is a thoroughly admirable work. Nothing else could have been expected from Dr. Frederick A. Pottle who, with his wife, has done the actual cataloguing of the collection: his "Literary Career of James Boswell" was unusually fine, and his present catalogue is distinguished again by immense knowledge and attention to detail. There is, of course, much interest just now in the enormous amount of material Mr. Isham has acquired from Malahide Castle: it has all been well advertised until the American public at large has at least attained a certain degree of Boswell-consciousness. Whether as a result the "Life of Johnson" and "Account of Corsica" are demanded more incessantly in libraries no one has been told: apparently it is better to circulate legends of croquet-boxes that suddenly produce new series of Boswell papers, than to distract attention by murmuring facts connected with the reading of books already published. Dr. Pottle has now completed another important section of the bibliography of James Boswell: it is most fortunate that his work has been done so authoritatively that nothing further needs to be added to it. G. M. T.

There are so far, two auction sales for the month of February: Modern First Editions, together with Americana and miscellaneous books, at the Plaza Art Galleries in New York, on the evening of the tenth of February; and a gathering of selections from several libraries at Sotheby's in London, on the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth of the month. The New York sale is reasonably interesting, although the items are not described in detail, and are for the most part included in large groups. The Sotheby sale includes DeQuincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," 1822; a collection of Bret Harte first editions; Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia," 1687; a series of George Gissing letters from 1876 to 1902, addressed to his brother; several decorative and armorial bookbindings, and a series of fifty-one items dealing with aeronautics. G. M. T.

MISS MIRIAM LONE has published a "Check-List of First Editions of the Works of John Ross Browne," with a valuable chronology of his highly spectacular life. The check-list is admirable, and lists all his writings chronologically with books and magazine articles together. For the benefit of the ignorant, the life of Browne will undoubtedly prove the most exciting reading: he seems to have gone everywhere with or without his family, and as his life covered fifty-one years of unending activity, he managed to become involved in every phase of American life. How well he wrote, Miss Lone does not say, but her interest must indicate that she considers him at least worth the time of a careful search through periodicals and library catalogues in order to discover how much he had published. G. M. T.

Aside from Mr. John C. Eckel's introduction, the catalogue of the B. G. Ulizio sale represents good, rather uninspiring cataloguing. The books are described with sufficient fulness, and although the lyric passages that distinguished the Kern sale catalogues are absent, the effect of the whole is far better, and far more businesslike.

G. M. T.

THE first number of the *Book-Collector's Quarterly*, edited by Desmond Flower and A. J. A. Symons, commences fittingly with a statement of the aims that are supposed to govern the quarterly's future. "The object," the editors write, "is defined in its title: it is a periodical, issued four times a year, devoting itself wholeheartedly to the interests of those who collect books of any kind. In doing so, it will necessarily assist booksellers, and also, directly or indirectly, all those who in any way concern themselves with the production or preservation of books. Hints upon the care of books, current information of catalogues, exhibitions, sales; notices of interesting new works, reminders of forgotten old ones; bibliographical descriptions; records of discoveries; these and kindred matters it is our duty and purpose to discuss or demonstrate. Such a miscellany for the book lover has been an urgent need for more than fifty years. Indeed, it may well be that the lack of any organ for the consideration of his grievances or problems is the prime cause of that decline in the number of English book collectors which marked the nineteenth century. This quarterly comes into being in a time of trade distractions, when men's minds are agitated by economic difficulties afflicting all nations alike though not equally. Such a time may seem to some an unfortunate one in which to ask for a hearing. The editors, on the contrary, believe it to be a very good one. The heady speculation which has marked the last few financial years is obviously at an end; and every office, workshop, and stock exchange throughout the world is adjusting itself to a more rational relation of credit and conduct. What better opportunity could offer for the collector to set his house in order?" In this first number, Mr. Edmund Blunden, who like Mr. Drinkwater seems quite willing to write on any subject, appears with an essay, reminiscent of Charles Lamb in its manner, on his book-buying: Mr. Holbrook Jackson follows with a discussion of Robert Burton and the "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Mr. John V. Thompson becomes almost ecstatic in his appreciation of Lord Birkenhead as a book collector; while Mr. Symons explains delightfully the origin and development of his own interest in collecting. The book reviews are especially good, in particular Mr. P. H. Muir's criticism of the LeRoy Phillips's bibliography of Henry James. At the end of the magazine come notices of booksellers' catalogues, brief descriptions of limited editions announced for immediate publication or in active preparation, and a few pages of notes concerning the First Edition Club (of London) and its activities. The tone of the magazine as a whole is excellent: it is well written and intelligently edited, and even though there is an occasional note of superiority, the "American cousins" interested in collecting will find it distinctly worth reading and owning. G. M. T.

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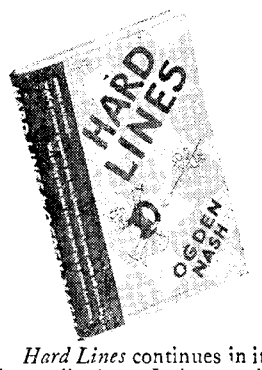

Hard Lines continues in its career of best-sellerdom. It is now in its fourth printing, and lest readers of publishers' advertising would like to know exactly what that mysterious word *printings* denotes, the figures follow:

1st printing, 4,000 copies
2nd printing, 3,500 copies
3rd printing, 5,000 copies
4th printing, 5,000 copies

OGDEN NASH'S book is out three weeks today, and *The Inner Sanctum* believes the above is something of a record of something in the way of verse.

Among *The Inner Sanctum's* forthcoming publications this Spring are:

1. A novel called *The Secret Image* by LAURENCE OLIVER, which is so good we wish it had a better title.
2. A book called *Men of Art* by THOMAS CRAVEN, which has made Art intelligible for the first time to the writer of this column.
3. *Studies in Genius* by WILL DURANT, which will include DURANT'S famous selection of the hundred greatest books of all time.
4. A brand new novel by ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, which will be published in New York for the first time anywhere.
5. WILLIAM BOLITHO'S play, *Overture*.
6. A novel by FELIX SALTEN about *Samson and Delilah*, the first non-animal book of his we have published.
7. An 800 page novel by FRANZ WERFEL, who in the past has been our "noble worst seller."
8. A *Life of George Bernard Shaw* by FRANK HARRIS.
9. A book of songs by GEORGE GERSHWIN including his own piano arrangements the way he plays them, and illustrations by RALPH BARTON.
10. A new stunt book by the author of *Mind Your P's and Q's* entitled *Mental Whoopee*.
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WE have been meaning for sometime to comment upon certain books which we have received from time to time from the highly artistic publishing house of *William Edwin Rudge* at Four Seventy-Five Fifth Avenue. We feel sadly behindhand in our acknowledgements, but we have greatly appreciated, as we always do, such beautiful examples of bookmaking. We are like to learn a good deal about painting and etching from some of these volumes, but two smaller ones which we particularly prize are "Form Letters. Illustrator to Author," by our old friend *W. A. Dwiggins*, king of typographical experts, and *Ruskin's* "The King of the Golden River," illustrated by an interesting fantasist namely *Ferinand Huszti Horvath*. Horvath also embellished another book of last fall, "Book of the Three Dragons," by *Kenneth Morris*, published by Longmans. This was a herotale out of old Welsh bardic literature. The price of the trade edition of "The King of the Golden River" is four-fifty. The original first edition that appeared in 1851 was illustrated by *Richard Doyle*. Mr. Dwiggins's book was limited to two hundred and fifty copies, each signed, at six dollars per. These form letters, addressed to an imaginary author whose work the artist is to illustrate are, it goes without saying, full of intelligence. We have all heard much discussion concerning how well or ill, in the present or in the past, such and such illustrations have fitted the text of such and such books. Indeed book illustration has become so scarce in this century that the tendency would seem to be, in most cases, to give up the struggle altogether to procure the proper illustrations for the given book. But as Mr. Dwiggins points out a complete collaboration entirely satisfying to the author is practically impossible. The artist must be allowed his own conception; and the highly intelligent artist will furnish an accompaniment to the text which, while not perhaps exactly meeting the author's original view, will prove a true adornment to the story. . . .

We also wish to acknowledge from Mr. Rudge a study of Constantin Guys entitled "The Painter of Victorian Life" celebrated by *Baudelaire* ($15), and a companion volume, "London Promenade," written and illustrated by *W. Gaunt* ($10). There are furthermore *Betty Lark-Horovitz's* woodblocks of the American scene ($10), a catalogue of the etching of *Levon West* ($15), a book of reproductions of *Hokusai* in the Masters of The Colour Print series, including eight large plates in color, ($2.25), and *"Robert Austin,"* being No. 25 of the "Masters of Etching" series, at the latter price. . . .

In its "Prose Quartos" Random House has issued, boxed together at ten dollars, six examples of American writing in varicolored paper covers, short stories and essays listed as follows: 1. "The Litter of the Rose Leaves," by *Stephen Vincent Benét*, 2. "Tabloid News," by *Louis Bromfield*, 3. "Gehenna," by *Conrad Aiken*, 4. "Feathers," by *Carl Van Vechten*, 5. "American County Fair," by *Sherwood Anderson*, 6. "Fine Furniture," by *Theodore Dreiser*. . . .

The Theatre Assembly, under the direction of *Walter Greenough*, is to produce next Monday at the Princess Theatre an operetta made from the late *Elinor Wylie's* "The Venetian Glass Nephew," the adaptation done by *Ruth Hale*, the music written by *Eugene Bonner*. . . .

A great event in the history of this august journal occurred last Saturday when at high noon in St. Thomas's our revered publisher, *Noble A. Cathcart*, was married to *Anne Patterson Farrington*. The Phœnician fluttered agitatedly on the outskirts of cheering thousands, unpossessed of a silk hat but wreathed in smiles. We now hope that business will get under way again at the *Saturday Review* as practically no work seems to have been done in this office for several weeks. Not that we would blame anybody. . . .

Random House, once more, has brought out over here the unlimited edition published by the Nonesuch Press of a selection of the essays of *William Hazlitt*, edited by *Geoffrey Keynes*. This volume is uniform with the Nonesuch editions of *William Blake* and of *John Donne*. The price is three fifty. . . .

We acknowledge both from *Eugenia M. Frost* of Washington, D. C., and from the publishers, the Macrae-Smith Company of Philadelphia, receipt of copies of *Kathryn Hulme's* beautiful "Arab Interlude," with Block Print illustrations by *Hélène Vogt*. This is the story of two lone ladies who drove their own car across North Africa, on a 3,000 mile trip through Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco. Motor travelling, avers the author, in North Africa is "as easy and reliable as it is in our own country; but there the analogy ends, for this Arab country is another world, seductive, secretive, and bewitching beyond description." Kathryn Hulme's book can certainly be recommended to travellers, the book in itself as an example of manufacturing is excellent, and the illustrations entirely fit the text. . . .

In the March *Cosmopolitan*, *Ray Long*, the editor introduces a most interesting feature in the shape of three Russian stories which he himself procured in that country, a very timely enterprise. There is "The Music Master of Moscow," by *Valentine Kataev*, most typical of the new Russian literature and of living conditions in the New Russia; there is "Fox of the Gods," by the foremost Russian writer of the day, *Boris Pilnyak*, and last, "The Turning of Another Worm," by *Eugene Zamyatin*. Both Valentine Kataev and Boris Pilnyak are scheduled to contribute novels to the *Cosmopolitan* during 1931 and 1932. . . .

When we were a boy we read *Rossiter Johnson's* "Phaeton Rogers," and remember it as one of the best boys books we perused, though we were not in being when it first appeared, which was in 1881. Charles Scribner's Sons say it still is kept in print and goes on selling. The author has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday and is writing his memoirs. . . .

Now we have read *Graham Greene's* second novel, "The Name of Action," a darn good book. We liked his first, "The Man Within," a great deal and in his second he continues to demonstrate that he is a writer born. He has a great gift for condensation and his phrase accomplishes a great deal with striking economy of means. He tells an exciting and bitterly tragic story with sure dramatic instinct and vivid originality. This young writer is a complete artist. We believe he is going far. . . .

Whoever writes the letter issued now and then by the *G. Lynn Sumner* Advertising Agency, entitled "Voyages and Discoveries," deserves to annex some big accounts. It is intelligent talk and the author is well-placed in the advertising business. He has ideas. . . .

Quoting from *Walter M. Hill's* Chicago catalogue, *Conan Doyle's* "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" in a first edition is now bringing one hundred simoleons and "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" in a first is priced at seventy-five. . . .

And then there's the catalogue of Fullerton & Son at 598 Madison Avenue, this city, advertising American first editions, among which we find certain works by the late *Henry Cuyler Bunner*, the famous editor of *Puck*. Two volumes of his short stories, "Short Sixes" and "More Short Sixes," both firsts, can be obtained together for twenty-seven fifty. We wonder how much Bunner is read today. He created an inimitable type of short story, and he wrote delightful verse as well. . . .

A spacious old farm estate in the heart of the Berkshires is the setting of the Playhouse-in-the-Hills of Cummington, Massachusetts. The school year there reverses the usual order, resident work being done during the summer, fall, and spring months. The course is of three years. The estate was the birthplace of William Cullen Bryant. For nine years the Playhouse-in-the-Hills has been established there as a music school for advanced students, both amateur and professional, and now, under the direction of *Miss Katharine Frazier*, a Mount Holyoke graduate, it has developed into an art centre of college grade, with an expanded educational program. . . .

There are other Days. There is the John Day publishing house named for another famous Day without the "e." They have just brought out a good compilation by *Carolyn Wells*, "The Best American Mystery Stories of the Year." . . .

Farwell! THE PHOENICIAN.

The Lookout

IN THESE troubled times when radical writers declare that communistic Russia threatens our industrial peace, every alert American should be intimately acquainted with the growth and possibilities of industry. Prof. Norman S. B. Gras of Harvard University has written a remarkably informing survey of industrial progress in "Industrial Evolution," a book describing historical and modern phases, handicraft, guilds, associations of employers and workmen, large-scale and small-scale industry, government aid and the possibilities of art in industry. Prof. Gras considers the opportunities ahead for genuine economic liberalism, social benefits to all, and work under wholesome conditions. "Industrial Evolution' is being issued by Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., at $2.50.

TO WHOM shall we give, and how much? Appeals for help constantly suggest this reply, in a winter of business depression and consequent suffering. Mere goodwill is not enough; there must be intelligent distribution of funds. This is described in "Intelligent Philanthropy," in which twelve experts give us the benefit of their observation and experience. Arthur J. Todd writes on the mainsprings of philanthropy; Lynn Thorndike on the historical background; Mordecai M. Kaplan describes the Jewish philanthropy, William J. Kerby the Catholic and Shailer Mathews the Protestant charities; six other aspects are considered. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, $4.)

WE KNOW Shakespeare better today than ever David Garrick and Samuel Johnson knew him. Scholarly research has sifted myth and legend and left us documents interpreted by common sense. But even so this remains one of the most engaging of literary mysteries. E. K. Chambers, who has devoted a lifetime to Shakespearean study, has given all the evidence verbatim in "William Shakespeare: A Study of Facts and Problems" issued in two fine volumes by the Oxford University Press, New York City. ($15.00). This is a veritable treasury of Shakespeare sources. The author explains why he remains convinced of the authentic character of the Shakespeare story.

IN THE year 1502 Sebastian Brant supervised an extraordinary book at Strassburg—a Virgil illustrated with two hundred and fourteen woodcuts, printed by Johann Reinhardt. Brant drew upon the background of his own time for his concept of Virgilian scenes—with the result that these woodcuts reveal more of the sixteenth century mind than they do of Virgil. Fourteen woodcuts illustrating the "Descensus Averno" have been reproduced, with suitable elucidations by Anna Cox Brinton of Mills College, by Stanford University Press, Stanford University, Cal. ($3.50.) Brant's "lively" illustrations won immediate popularity in his own time.

FEW historians have touched on the story of the great Indian migrations to the western frontier. Perhaps they hesitated to tell how the whites confiscated their lands in Georgia and Alabama and sent Cherokee and Creek to dispute with the Osage for hunting fields in Arkansas Territory. Grant Foreman, working with many original manuscripts, breaks new ground when he describes, in "Indians and Pioneers," the gradual advance of the military frontier, the murders of white traders, the constant strife between Osage, Delaware, Cherokee, Shawnee, Kickapoo, Choctaw, Chickasaw and other tribes. The period before 1830, which was filled with war's alarms, is illuminated in this book which the Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., issues at $4.

WILLIAM PENN did not discover the Schuylkill and the Delaware; the Swedes and the Dutch preceded him by fifty years, built settlements and dealt with the Indians, who sold the same land to all comers so long as the rum held out. These are hidden pages in American history, obscured by the preponderant English settlement, but described in detail in "The Dutch and Swedes on the Delaware, 1609-1664" by Christopher Ward, issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, $5. And Mr. Ward discloses why both failed—how the will to emigrate grows out of discomfort at home, and affected the English more than the Swedes and Dutch. N. C. Wyeth has drawn a heroic portrait of Johan Printz, the governor of New Sweden, as a frontispiece for this book.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*

I HAD a notion that the ripples of the "double" discussion might spread until they reached an Eminent Authority, but I scarce hoped to find him so far away as Paris. Yet from the Rue Louis Poilly in the City of Light Dr. Otto Rank sends this:

In the *Saturday Review* of January 10 I find the inquiry about the "Doppelgänger." Although *N. L. O.* only asks for reference to works in English or American literature I feel, particularly from your own notes on the subject, that the following references might be helpful.

I wrote myself in 1914 a psychological study of the "Doppelgänger" (in German) which is to my knowledge the only attempt at a systematic presentation of the whole subject, dealing not only with its literary aspects but likewise with its folklorist, religious, and psychological ones. There your reader will not only find a full analysis of "William Wilson" and "Dorian Grey" as well as Dostoievsky's early novel "The Double," but also further references to other authors in the English language, for example, Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a poem, "Masks," by the same author, poems of Coleridge, Kipling's "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," and so on.

Since the last edition of my book in 1925 (in the Internationaler Psychoanalytischer Verlag, Vienna) there appeared only one other volume (in German too), by Wilhelmine Krauss, "Das Doppelgängermotiv in der Romantik" (Berlin, 1930, Emil Ebering) which, as the title indicates, deals only with the romantic period in Germany (from Tieck up to Heine). One novel I have also come across since, Julien Green's "Le Voyageur sur la Terre," in which the hero has evoked from the depth of his own nature a companion, in every point the very contrary of himself, who lures him to his doom.

May I take at the same time the liberty to refer to the *Reader's Guide* of a few weeks ago where an additional reference was made to the Don Juan material given in the issue of August 23rd, 1930? I also wrote a comprehensive study on the "Don Juan Figur" in 1922 (reissued in 1924 by the same publishers in Vienna), in which a great deal of the literature is used and quoted. Since then two books on the subject seem to me worth mentioning: one in Spanish by Franc. Augustin, "Don Juan en al Teatro, en la Novela y en la Vida" (Ed. Paez, Madrid, 1929); the second, also by a Spanish author but translated into English, "Don Juan and Other Psychological Studies," by Gonzalo R. Lafora (London, 1930, Thornton Butterworth).

May I add that my two essays on "Doppelgänger" and "Don Juan," although published in Vienna several years ago, can be easily obtained through Fritz Schartel, Bookseller, 830 Jackson Avenue, New York City?"

The double apparition supposed to have been seen by Lincoln does figure, though slightly, in Edgar Lee Masters's "Lincoln the Man" (Dodd, Mead), through which I have just made my way, snorting as I went. For a more unfriendly study seldom have I read, or one so set on presenting its facts seamy side up. Much was said against Lincoln in his life, but so far as I know, Mr. Masters is the first since his death to suggest that he had himself to blame for being assassinated because "he might well have protected himself with soldiers." He does, however, make the legal and political chapters fascinating even to one with little learning in law or politics.

Isabel DuBois, Director of Libraries, Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C., challenges the conclusions of Mrs. Stern on the reading of sick people, which appeared here on January 17:

My first experience with hospital libraries and the reading of the sick was during the war in the work of the American Library Association and I have been associated with them ever since. My present work is with the libraries of the ships and stations of the Navy, including the Naval hospitals. We have aimed to make hospital libraries an integral part of the hospital, with books, as well as diet, a part of the cure, so to speak.

To say that sick people read just what they do when they are well is missing, it seems to me, the entire point of the question, for each case needs individual treatment and you can not give a blanket prescription. A dose of Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Krassnoff, Plato, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche would hardly seem to me a wholesome diet for all classes of patients. There is a vast difference between the wholesome book for the surgical case and the one for the tuberculous patient or the neuropsychopathic case. The book which may be good medicine for one case may be poison for another. It is an actual fact that an overdose of Stevenson, given a patient with a vivid imagination, has resulted in a whirling head and a high fever. Books used indiscriminately with the sick are often injurious. The man who just had his tonsils out may read anything he wants but the one who has tuberculosis will not improve on a diet of too exciting detective stories or anything that is likely to raise his temperature. Books given the sick should be carefully watched.

Perhaps I have misunderstood; if so, forgive me for taking your time, but the sick cannot always read just what they do when well for what they should read is limited by the nature of the illness.

How glad I am that I am not required to make rules for the regulation of reading, for books arouse emotions and emotions so differently affect different people. Take fear, a feeling for which no one has a good word, and which I regard in my own make-up like witch-grass on a lawn, to be uprooted as fast as it shows a shoot. I have lately heard of a very old gentleman, living in a large old house with an old cook and an attendant, who is also a trained nurse. He has excellent eyesight and reads nothing but the newspapers, and in these only reports of banditry, hold-ups, and like crimes of violence with which our large cities so freely provide him. These send him into positive ecstasies of fright; he comes to point them out every morning to his attendant, with a shaking hand. She has tried censorship both by scissoring his copy and by reading aloud only the calmer and more ennobling items, but under this process he visibly drooped and withered; he thrives, it would appear, on his self-administered daily dose of terror. No doubt he should long since have scared himself to death, but at eighty-six he is still going strong. It makes me wonder—not being a psychologist—whether in his case fear may not be a stimulus, a spur to living. It seems to act on the other edge of life—early adolescence, an age that gobbles up ghost-stories. In my own domestic circle one summer in New England three children—ten, eleven, and thirteen—on discovering a tiny, ancient burial plot on the farm, organized a Graveyard Club, and drawing in a fifteen-year-old from over the way, used on moonlight evenings to repair to this spot, and sitting each upon a gravestone tell original ghost stories. The older boy used generally to take to his heels early in the evening, but the three young ironclads thought it was grand. Nothing in their later careers goes to show that their nerves were impaired; one is a doctor in New York, one a typographical expert in London, the third a civil engineer changing the face of Guatemala, and the fourth is a farmer with a family. I have known two college girls so scared on Saturday night by a thriller play that they would not climb the stairs in the dark, and then bounce off the experience all the brisker on Monday into a crowded college week—with a like refresher waiting at the week-end. If their subsequent careers are needed for the record, they are now, both of them, unusually cool-headed and successful business women. You cannot, it has been beautifully said, sometimes most always tell: people react so differently, even the same people at different times or ages, to an emotional stimulus. If my job were to prescribe books for guaranteed emotional stimuli, the longer I live the less I would know about my job. I have known people to be quite as upset by certain novels of Zola as the committee of Boston ladies who, according to Owen Wister's entertaining "Roosevelt: the Story of a Friendship" (Macmillan), fluttered to Oliver Wendell Holmes, now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, for judgment on the French author, but my own experience only reinforces what they got from him "Improving, but dull," he said.

I. N., American Woman's Association, asks whether there will be a season of Shaw's plays at Malvern again next Summer. "I was in England last year and the year before, but each time missed the festivals. Coming home on the boat, people told me how delightful it had been. It is difficult to obtain information so as to arrange one's trip."

THE Malvern Festival will occupy the first three weeks of August, 1931, and anyone planning to cross the ocean this summer should arrange to take it in. Five centuries of English drama will be presented by seven plays, such that no living creature could have heard all of them. The week's program, three times repeated, is:

Monday, period 1513, "Hick Scorner," author unknown; period 1552-54, "Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall.

Tuesday, period 1603, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," by Thomas Heywood.

Wednesday, period 1668, "She Would If She Could," by George Etherege.

Thursday, period 1777, "A Trip to Scarborough," by Sheridan.

Friday, period 1840, "Money," by Bulwer Lytton.

Saturday, period 1931, A New Play, unsettled.

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Arthur Train

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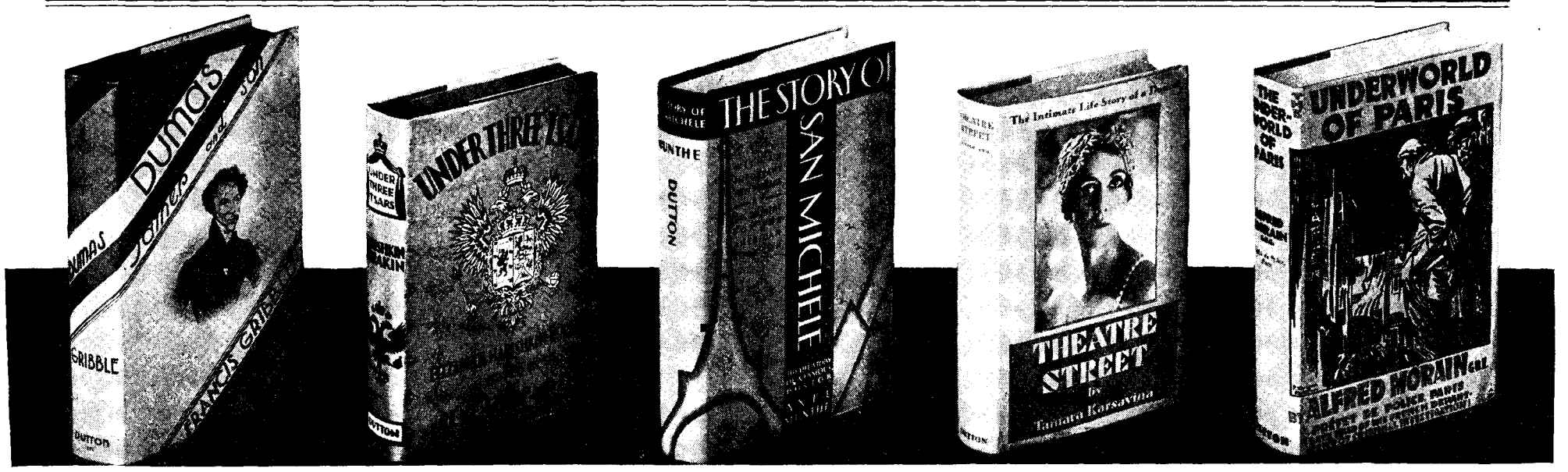

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BY TAMARA KARSAVINA

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Priestley, Arnold Bennett, Desmond MacCarthy, and other first-line English critics have vociferously acclaimed it. J. M. Barrie contributes an introduction, saying "This is one of the most delightful and novel books ever written about the theatre." Her story has a charm fiction cannot give, the thrill of contact with an unusual personality. *Illustrated.* $5.00

DUMAS

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Edited by René Fülop-Miller

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BY ALFRED MORAIN, Prefect of Police, Paris

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